

THE OFFICIAL Lucasfilm MAGAZINE

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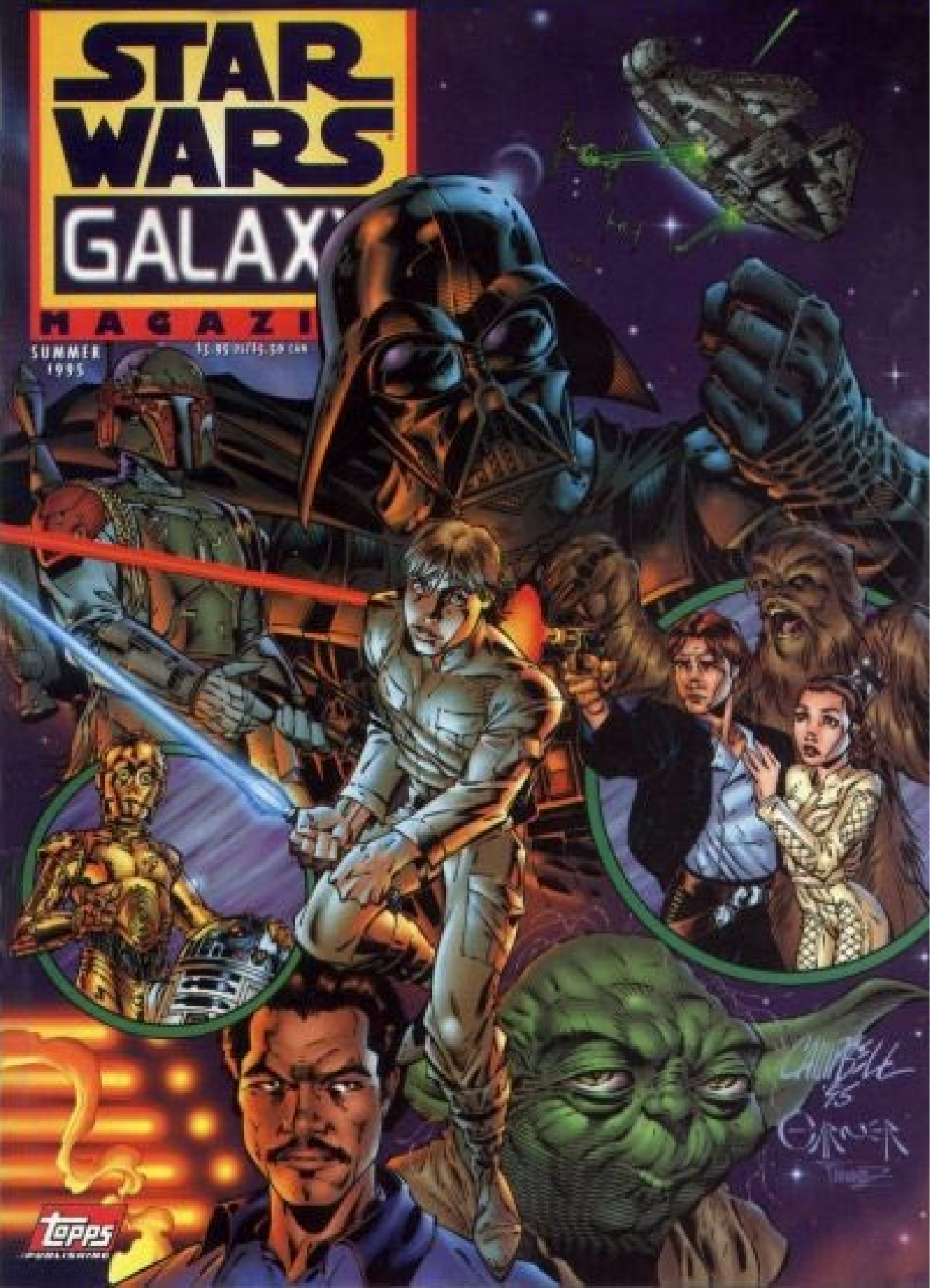
The Rancor Pit D6 roleplaying extracts from issues 2-3 and 5-13

# STAR WARS GALAXY

MAGAZINE

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# SHADOWS OF THE EMPIRE

**THIS ADVENTURE OUTLINE** allows the player characters to take a part in "behind-the-scenes" events alluded to in *Shadows of the Empire*. Gamemasters should run this adventure after reading the novel, but players should not have yet read the *Shadows* story. While the outline describes each episode's basic action, the gamemaster must draw maps, determine game statistics and plan out encounters to prepare for play. *Assignment: Decoy* works equally well for Rebel characters or independent smugglers. However, they must have a starship.

## EPISODE ONE

The characters are to deliver a small, legal cargo of agricultural machinery to the Bothan home world of Bothawui. Their mission is a decoy—following closely behind their ship is a bulk freighter with a cargo of importance to the "Bothan spies" on the planet's surface. Should Imperial customs vessels be in the system, the characters are to get their own ship boarded and searched so that the bulk freighter may proceed to Bothawui uninterrupted.

Upon arriving in orbit around Bothawui, an Imperial customs Corvette immediately approaches and orders them to prepare for customs inspection; the Imperial agents mention they are searching every ship coming into the system. The



**A *Shadows of the Empire*-themed Adventure  
Outline for the *STAR WARS* Roleplaying Game**

STORY BY BILL SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SHAWN MARTINBROUGH





bulk freighter is due to arrive very shortly, so the characters must move quickly.

The characters may veer off course, triggering a chase and perhaps hiding in the small asteroid field nearby, but this is a good way to make sure they never get to Bothawui to get paid. They may also wait until the inspection crew is aboard and then fake a major system failure—a power generator overload, for example. That will keep the customs crew busy, and if there seems to be the risk of a dangerous explosion, the bulk freighter will be ordered ahead to land so it can clear the “blaze zone.” A space rescue crew will stream aboard to try to avert a disaster, although the characters may be ordered to head to their escape pods (and let the ship explode) if they push their ruse too far. If the players come up with a good diversion and roleplay it well, the bulk freighter is waved on without interruption by the customs ship.

**Imperial Customs Corvette.** Starfighter scale, space transports 5D, starship gunnery 5D+2, starship shields 5D+1. Maneuverability 2D, space 8, hull 5D+1, shields 3D. 6 double turbolaser cannons (fire control 2D, damage 4D).

**Customs Troops.** All stats are 2D except: blaster 4D, dodge 3D+2, intimidation 3D+2. Blaster pistol (4D).

The customs commander, Lieutenant Norrick (his stats are identical except for intimidation 4D+1, Perception 3D and search 4D+2), carries a subspace comm. He’s a pushy redhead who tries to be intimidating. However, as soon as things start to go wrong, he shows himself to be easily unsettled.

The characters’ rendezvous point is a small agricultural factory in a remote mountainous region. The bulk freighter is already there. The cargo is a dozen immense containers filled with grain; as each is emptied, one Y-wing fighter (encased in protective wrapping) becomes visible. Their Bothan contact greets them and gives them the agreed-upon sum of 7,000 credits.

As the characters are dealing with the Bothan, a subspace message comes in over the comm nets. The message is played over a holo-viewer; the sender is a Quarren.

“My Bothan friends. You’ve long known Vossuk the Quarren as an honest information broker. Now, I have something of great value—to you, to the Rebellion, even to the Empire. I’m looking for a buyer. Meet me on Gall... my time is valuable.”

The Bothans confirm Vossuk has been a reliable source of information in the past... although he, like most information brokers, isn’t entirely trustworthy. No doubt, the characters see the potential to aid their cause (if they’re Rebels) or profit (because they can sell this info). The Bothans hire the characters if they’re reluctant to go.

## EPISODE TWO

Gall’s starport is swarming with bounty hunters, mercenaries and other rough types. Eavesdropping characters will hear that a big reward is being offered for the capture of a prominent Rebel leader named Sky... something-or-other. Of course, the hunters mention that *any* Rebel is worth something these days.



The characters may have several encounters on the street, including:

▲ A tense standoff with off-duty Imperial Navy soldiers. Maybe they cut line, stumble into a character or are just looking to cause trouble... and the characters make a convenient target.

▲ A pickpocket robs a character and flees into the crowds, leading to a wild chase through alleys and open-air bazaars. Perhaps the pickpocket is part of a larger group which is ready to protect her.

▲ One character runs into an old friend from his or her youth. The chum is now a spacer on a freighter ship. (That person may attempt to tag along or may show up at the best—or worst—time to complicate an encounter.)

The characters venture to Vossuk's place of business—a starship navigation chart shop—to find it empty and ransacked. Blaster burns are all over the walls and merchandise. Shelves are on their sides and the windows are smashed. If they check the computer, link up their datapad and make a *Moderate computer programming/repair* roll, they retrieve the receipts from the past few days: They get a list of recent customers and an incomplete transaction keyed to a ship in Docking Bay 596-East.

Upon leaving the shop, the characters are trailed by bounty hunters. (Vossuk has a bounty of 5,000 credits on his head, posted by Perit, a famous Mon Calamari information broker and business person; these hunters are trying to claim the bounty.)

Gamemasters should run the investigation only as long as the players are interested. The characters should be given a reasonable chance to notice their tails... but it is up to them to lose the hunters.

**6 Bounty Hunters.** All stats are 2D except: *blaster* 5D, *dodge* 5D+2, *streetwise* 4D+1, *search* 3D. Bounty hunter armor (+1D physical, +2 energy), blaster rifle (5D), 2 grenades (5D).

Eventually, the characters track down Vossuk: By asking around, they can learn where Vossuk was recently spotted and discover his past dealings. They'll find out that some of his receipts



were covers for information deals, not navigation chart sales. When they find Vossuk, he offers to give his information for free, if only the characters will safely escort him to a safehouse on the far side of the Gall.

**Vossuk.** All stats are 2D except: *pickpocket* 3D, *languages* 3D+1, *streetwise* 4D, *value: information* 5D, *astrogation* 3D, *bargain* 4D, *con* 4D+2, *forgery* 3D+2, *persuasion* 2D+2. Comlink, various datacards (containing astrogation charts), hold-out blaster (3D+1).

Vossuk's information is that the infamous hunter Boba Fett has come to Gall to repair the main hyperdrive on his ship, *Slave I*. Aboard, Fett has the legendary smuggler Han Solo encased in carbonite, and wants to deliver him to Jabba the Hutt on Tatooine. If Solo could somehow be rescued, the Rebels (or Jabba or even the Empire)



would pay a magnificent fee. The Rebellion would pay handsomely just for information leading to Solo's rescue.

In any event, Vossuk knows some of the techs who are working in docking bays near *Slave I*. The techs are off-duty, but they have access to most sections of the starport. *Slave I* is almost repaired, after which Fett will be gone. The characters must act quickly to claim the bounty of a lifetime. They would earn a great debt of gratitude (and a large reward if the characters are independent smugglers).

## EPISODE THREE

The most likely way for the characters to get to *Slave I* is to pose as techs. If the characters meet the techs when they're off-duty, Vossuk can help get uniforms and pass-code badges. The characters will probably also want lock-picking gear, sound-suppressors and other tools to help them break into *Slave I* without setting off its elaborate alarm systems.

As the characters get to within a few hundred meters of *Slave I*'s docking bay, they find a group of thugs and bounty hunters watching out. The hunters immediately move to stop them and won't accept the tech IDs no matter what story is told. (The characters don't know this, but the hunters are *supposed* to be watching 4-LOM's back while he tries to steal Solo from *Slave I*... but that's another story.)

**12 Bounty Hunters.** All stats are 2D except: *blaster 6D, dodge 6D, street-wise 3D+2, search 3D.* Bounty hunter armor (+1D physical, +2 energy), blaster rifle (5D), 2 grenades (5D). The lead bounty hunter has 1 Force Point and 10 Character Points, as well as a stun grenade (6D stun damage, 10 meter blast radius) hidden in the corridor. It can be remotely activated.

The tension ultimately escalates into a blaster battle (one of the hunters probably recognizes Vossuk). After a few moments of shooting (and at the most dramatic point), there is a huge series of explosions. Boba Fett comes racing through the area, dropping stun gas grenades and firing at anyone with the audacity to show their faces. And before anyone can react, Fett reaches *Slave I* and blasts off.

The characters emerge from the battle just in time to witness *Slave I*'s departure, while the *Millennium Falcon* approaches Gall in the distance. Now the characters have to arrange a hasty escape; they *have* promised to get Vossuk to safety.

## The Shadows of the Empire SOURCEBOOK

The official reference companion to the *Shadows* novel will be published by West End Games in June. From Prince Xizor's Black Sun to the many new starships, droids and characters, this fully illustrated sourcebook tells "the story behind the story." It's written by Peter Schweighofer, Editor of *The Official Star Wars Adventure Journal* and author of *Platt's Starport Guide* and the *Raiders of the Lost Ark Sourcebook*. The 144-page *Shadows Sourcebook* will be available at fine book, game and comics stores everywhere, for a recommended retail price of \$22.

## WHAT'S ROLEPLAYING?

A roleplaying game is "let's pretend, with rules." Each person plays his/her own *STAR WARS* hero (a character): a Rebel pilot, a smuggler, a bounty hunter or even a Jedi apprentice. One player is the gamemaster. Instead of playing a character, the gamemaster is the storyteller. He comes up with the adventure idea, describes the scenes of the story to the players and then they decide what their characters are going to do. The players imagine what is going on around them and have their characters react to situations, but there's no script. The players simply try whatever they can imagine. For details, read the *STAR WARS* roleplaying game sourcebooks from West End Games.

Upon delivering Vossuk to the safehouse on the far side of the starport, Vossuk thanks the characters and gives them 2,000 credits for their time. He offers to help them in the future if they need him. All they have to do is find him.

The characters, beaten but with something to show for their efforts, are free to proceed with their normal business.

## EPILOGUE

*It had been a long few days. Vossuk sat silently in the unpadding chair. The room was dark, but Vossuk preferred the shadows. They were comforting.*

*Someone entered the room—a human with yellow hair. He was rather short and plump. He silently dropped a small sack and a datadisk on the table. As he turned to leave, he grunted, "My boss told me to give this to you."*

*Vossuk softly hummed as he opened the sack and counted the markers. Eight, nine ... 10,000 credits. He then slotted the datadisk into his holographic projector/reader. The hologram showed Boba Fett's armored helmet. A mechanical voice rang through the reader's speaker grill.*

*"You did the job well. The diversion worked. I will overlook the bounty on you for one year. Get your affairs in order... Perit is a dangerous enemy."* ☺



# DARK VENDETTA

In this original *STAR WARS* roleplaying game adventure from West End Games, High Inquisitor Tremayne, a one-time Jedi student who was turned to the dark side, has upset his mentor—Darth Vader!

STORY BY ERIC S. TRAUTMANN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUSSELL WALKS

"Come on, Corwin. Let's get moving!" Darrin Arkanian dragged his human companion after him as they moved through the shadow-drenched alley. Above them, the city spires of Coruscant stretched impossibly high, still visible despite the fact that it was the middle of the night. Running strobes and traffic beacons, starlight and the glow from an endless procession of garish advertisements and glowlamps bathed the city sprawl of Imperial Center in a dim, gray-white light. The alley itself was unusually dark, however; a number of the glowlamps that generally illuminated this particular walkway appeared to be malfunctioning.

The young human—Corwin Shelvay—stumbled, gasping apologies to the elder Sullustan. "I'm sorry, Master Arkanian... I just *can't*." Shelvay's voice was a hoarse, pathetic croak, and the youngster was gaunt, undernourished and wore the scars of a brutal Imperial interrogation.

"Calm yourself, Corwin. Remember your training," Arkanian encouraged. "*If you don't, we aren't going to make it out of here.*"

Ahead lay a small courtyard, a tiny stretch of ground that was all that separated the pair from a transport station and, ultimately, the freighter that waited to get them away from Coruscant. "Once we meet Captain Rashh, we're as good as off-planet, lad," Arkanian said, hoping to coax Corwin to greater speed. "Let's hope he's punctual, eh?"

"I shouldn't worry about that if I were you, Master Arkanian." The voice that boomed from the courtyard dripped with menace. "I doubt very much that you will keep your appointment with the Rebel pilot."

The Sullustan Jedi moved toward the sound of the voice, quickly snagging his lightsaber from his belt. At Arkanian's action, a sardonic smile tugged at the corner of the newcomer's mouth as he in turn stepped from the shadows into the dimly lit courtyard.

Sketching a mocking salute, the black-garbed figure announced, "I am High Inquisitor Tremayne. I believe your young

companion remembers me." Tremayne met Corwin's gaze.

Corwin had crumpled to his knees in response to Tremayne's presence, a low, feeble moan escaping from his cracked and bleeding lips. "No... not again..." he whispered.

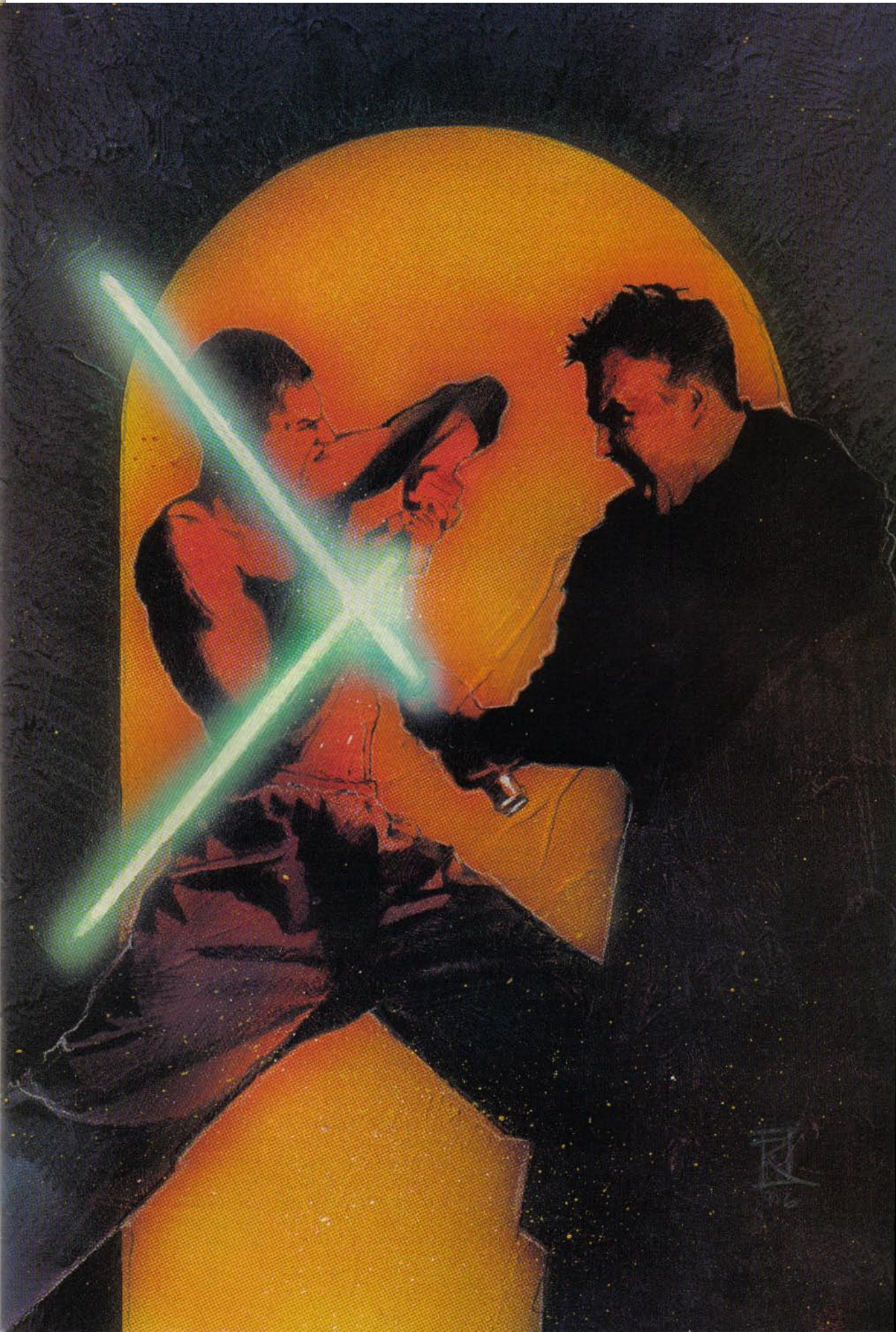
"I am most impressed with Shelvay," Tremayne continued nonchalantly, as if discussing the weather or the results of a recent swoop race. "He withstood the most intensive interview I have ever conducted. I look forward to testing that resolve again."

Arkanian ignited his lightsaber, the blue-white blade humming as the Sullustan Jedi prepared to defend his student. "Don't go near him," he said, with a look of defiance clearly written across his non-human features.

Tremayne ignited his own lightsaber and launched a blindingly swift series of feints and attacks, though his green, shimmering blade was neatly parried by Arkanian's saber as the twinkling weapons thrummed and sparked in a violent dance of light.

"You're quite good, Master Arkanian,"







Tremayne remarked, "Perhaps even my better with a lightsaber. It is a pity, though, that you won't join me, alien."

"My ally is the Force, evil child," Arkanian shot back. "An ally that is easily capable of ending *your* reign of terror."

Shelvay watched in horror, unable to do more than crawl back into the shadows. He didn't see the armored figures skulking in the alley until they had pointed their Imperial-issue blasters at him and ordered him to remain motionless.

Tremayne had brought reinforcements.

The battle in the courtyard had reached a stalemate as the combatants circled each other warily. "Enough!" Tremayne shouted to the alley. "Troopers, kill the boy if the alien does not drop his weapon." Turning to face the Sullustan Jedi Master, Tremayne growled, "Your choice, *Jedi*. Surrender, and the boy lives. Resist, and he dies."

Reluctantly, Arkanian deactivated his lightsaber. "Let the boy go. He is of no use to you," Arkanian said quietly. "Free Corwin, and I will come quietly."

"I'm sure you will," Tremayne replied. In an almost leisurely movement, the High Inquisitor swung his lightsaber at the defenseless Sullustan. Arkanian fell to the ground, a shocked death gasp escaping from his lips as his deactivated lightsaber rolled away.

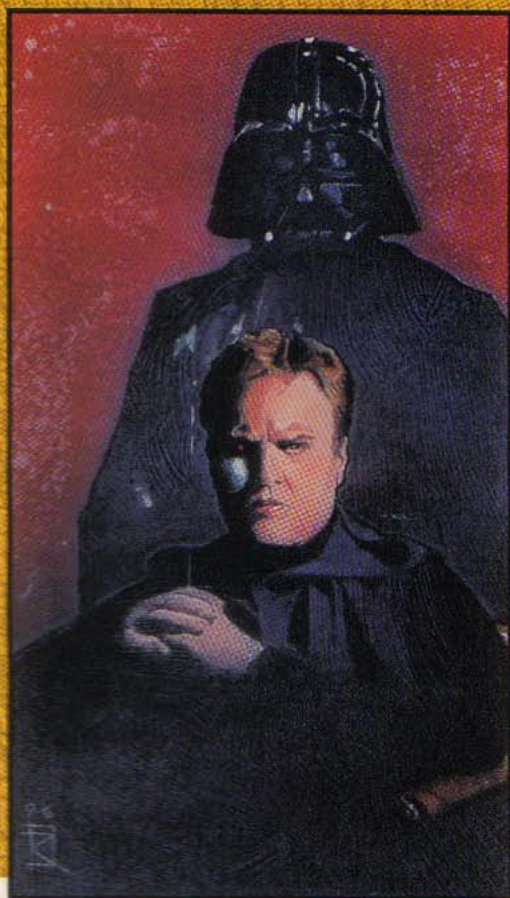
At last, Tremayne thought. *I have finally defeated a Jedi Master.* The High Inquisitor stood over the Sullustan, the human smiling with triumph as life fled from the fallen Jedi. "Well, *Master Arkanian*," he taunted, "it appears your journey has ended. And soon, your student will join you. Or perhaps," he added, a mocking smirk twisting his angular features, "he will join *my* Master. The Emperor may have use for someone as resilient as Shelvay."

Tremayne's triumph only lasted a moment. The High Inquisitor turned back toward Shelvay and realized that the haggard Jedi apprentice was no longer immobile. Tremayne felt a brief stirring in the Force—a stirring tinged with the dark side. Shelvay stretched out his hand and Arkanian's lightsaber flew across the courtyard and into his grasp. With a harsh cry, Shelvay attacked, the blue-white saber blade hammering into Tremayne's hastily readied defense.

Corwin's blade hissed like an enraged beast as it contacted the High Inquisitor's weapon and relentlessly pushed closer and closer to Tremayne's face. Attempting to maneuver away from the Jedi apprentice, the High Inquisitor prepared to sidestep and swing his own weapon at Shelvay's neck, a classic feint that Tremayne had perfected through months of diligent practice.

Tremayne barely had a moment to register surprise as Shelvay's blade arced in an unpredictable, unorthodox move, one for which Tremayne—overconfident in his ability to defend himself—was unprepared. Shelvay's blade severed the High Inquisitor's arm just below the shoulder, and then slashed across his face on its return swing, blinding him and sending him spiraling into pain, fear and darkness...

Tremayne could feel himself floating, a not altogether unpleasant sensation, save for the fact that it was impossible to tell which way was up. Opening his eyes didn't help matters; his left eye only registered a gray-white blur, and his right eye failed to respond at all. A burning sensation covered his face, and a cold, hollow ache engulfed his right shoulder. He felt himself succumb to delirium, as if drowning in an inky black whirlpool, a vortex that seemed to pull him in and spit him back out...



...Into his mother's arms, shortly after his 15th birthday. The quiet, bearded man who had come to visit them had said Tremayne was gifted and could begin his Jedi training. His mother wept with pleasure and pride...

...As he proudly stood among the other Jedi students. He had been studying under Master Kylanu for three years and was pleased with his progress, though Kylanu had indicated some dissatisfaction with Tremayne's vanity. "A Jedi does not care so much about appearances, Tremayne," the Jedi Master admonished. "He cares about truth..."

"...And the truth is," the courier said during the private meeting, "that Palpatine himself is interested in weeding out the corruption that has begun to rot the Jedi ranks. And you, Tremayne, have been chosen to help him. Palpatine is quite convinced of your ability, your integrity and your loyalty. You



## HIGH INQUISITOR TREMAYNE

TYPE: Imperial High Inquisitor

**DEXTERITY** 2D+2 - Blaster 4D, dodge 6D+2, lightsaber 7D+1, melee combat 6D+2. **KNOWLEDGE** 4D - Bureaucracy 6D+2, cultures 6D, planetary systems 5D+2, tactics: fleets 5D+2, torture 7D+2. **MECHANICAL** 2D+1. **PERCEPTION** 3D+1 - Command 6D+2, con 5D+2, search 5D, search: investigation 7D+1. **STRENGTH** 2D+2 - Brawling 4D, stamina 6D+2. **TECHNICAL** 2D

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:** **FORCE POWERS:** Control 4D, sense 4D, alter 5D. **CONTROL:** Absorb/dissipate energy, accelerate healing, control pain, resist stun. **ALTER:** Injury/kill. **CONTROL AND SENSE:** Lightsaber combat. **CONTROL, SENSE AND ALTER:** Affect mind.

This character is Force-sensitive

**DARK SIDE POINTS:** 3

**CHARACTER POINTS:** 5

**MOVE:** 30

**EQUIPMENT:** Lightsaber (5D damage), blaster pistol (4D damage)

**GAME NOTES:** High Inquisitor Tremayne has a cybernetic eye and a prosthetic right arm. He is currently scouring the Outer Rim Territories aboard the Star Destroyer *Inquisitor*, searching for clues that will lead him to Corwin Shelvay and his Rebel Alliance cell.

allowed his Master to rescue him, from the Emperor's throneworld, no less."

"I cannot understand it, my lord," Tremayne said. "Shelvay withstood a full Intelligence interrogation before I interviewed him. COMPNOR reported that he was physically depleted but mentally able to withstand their strongest probes. Even my most... *persuasive* methods failed to loosen his tongue," Tremayne paused, his voice dropping to a whisper. "He should have broken."

"Instead, he broke you, *Inquisitor*," Vader hissed sarcastically. "Broke you quite handily, if the medical reports are to be believed."

"Give me another chance, my lord," Tremayne looked up sharply, his remaining eye radiating shame and anger in equal measure. "I will crush the novice's spirit and bring his broken body to you as a trophy."

"Indeed?" Vader voice dripped with facetious amusement. "And what of Arkanian? Surely he will protect the boy."

"Arkanian is dead, my Lord," the wounded Inquisitor replied.

"Excellent. Arkanian has been an irritation to the Emperor for far too long. Fortunately for you, Tremayne, I am in a *forgiving* mood." Vader leaned forward, and the air in the medical bay suddenly seemed to crackle with menace. "Do not fail me again."

Bowing his head, Tremayne spoke, his voice hoarse with a mix of relief, rage and shame. "I will not fail, master."

Without another word, Vader departed, leaving the High Inquisitor to plan his next interview with Corwin Shelvay. ☹

Eric Trautmann is a STAR WARS editor and writer for West End Games. This is his first roleplaying game adventure for SWGM.

shall train under his premier agent, Darth Vader..."

...Vader, standing like an obsidian statue in the main entrance chamber to one of his many private fortresses, welcoming Tremayne like a son. "The Jedi order is fading, Tremayne," Vader had told him, "and they are reluctant to allow newcomers like yourself to reach the full extent of their potential."

"I will teach you, Tremayne," Vader said, gently. "I will teach you all you will need to know to restore the Jedi Knights to their former glory. You will seek out the traitors, and together we will restore the concepts of order and justice to the galaxy..."

...And Tremayne was again pulled down into darkness....

Tremayne lay quietly on the medical bed, flexing his new cybernetic arm. He had recently seen his reflection. While the left side of his face was undamaged, the right side was horribly disfigured. The new implants made

the grotesque wounds look even more fearsome. The medical droid revealed that Darth Vader himself had demanded the use of such unattractive prosthetics—as a sign of the Dark Lord's displeasure over his student's failure. Reflecting on the battle, Tremayne knew he had erred, badly. Shelvay—a mere *novice*!—had bested him, despite his years of training, a thought that made the High Inquisitor's anger burn even more brightly by the moment.

The medical bay door hissed open, and Tremayne felt an icy stab of fear deaden his mounting anger as Lord Vader entered the room. With a glance, the armored giant sent the surgeon droids and organic attendants alike scurrying from the room. An angry Dark Lord of the Sith is indeed a thing to be feared.

"My-lord," Tremayne whispered, his head bowed, "I beg forgiveness."

"I am most *disappointed*, student," Vader growled. "You had a Rebel—a potential Jedi, at that—in your grasp, and not only did you fail to extract any useful information from him, you

## WHAT'S ROLEPLAYING?

Roleplaying is a form of the kid's game "Let's Pretend," with slightly more sophisticated rules. Each person playing the game can take the part of his or her own *STAR WARS* hero (called a "character"): a Rebel pilot, a smuggler, a bounty hunter—even a Jedi Knight. One player is called a "gamemaster," who acts as a storyteller. The gamemaster describes the scenes of the story to the players, who in turn decide what their characters are going to do. The players' choices affect how the story unfolds. For details, read the *STAR WARS* roleplaying game sourcebooks from West End Games.



# DOUBLE CROSS

DANGER LURKS WHEN TWO MYSTERIOUS EGGMATES





# on ord mantell

EMERGE FROM THE SHADOWS

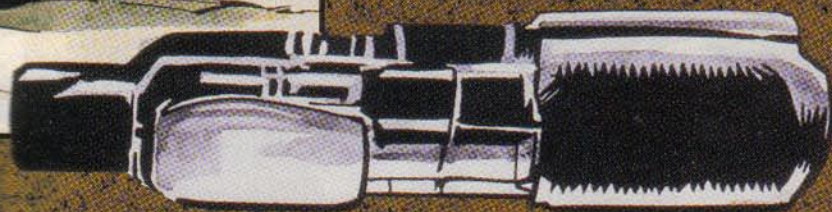
BY MICHAEL MIKAELIAN



THE POLLUTED ATMOSPHERE OF ORD MANTELL CASTS strange hues across its surface as the sun sets on another dreary day. A black vessel slowly descends from the sky and lands in a dilapidated hangar bay. From the vessel, a Corellian transport, a walkway is lowered, and a lone figure disembarks. A small group of locals looks on, but one glimpse of the ominous being sends them scurrying. That's not an unusual reaction to Cypher Bos, a notorious bounty hunter. Indeed, the entire Nalrithian species of insectoids is generally feared throughout the galaxy. ★ Cypher strides through the streets of Ord Mantell, his mind focused on his destination. He parts the sparse foot traffic with his very presence. As he approaches a pair of Chadra-Fan, he can sense their fear. The bat-like beings exude a scent that echoes the terror on their faces. Cypher grins, obviously proud of his ability to inspire fear in others. ★ Cypher has come to speak with a Chadra-Fan named Baajik, a secret double agent for either the Rebels or the Hutts, whichever side serves his immediate needs. For now, at least, he's working for the Rebels. As the two scurry away, Cypher realizes that neither of them matches Baajik's description. ★ As Cypher turns off the main avenue onto a dark side street, he's being watched by a robed figure whose features are hidden under a heavy hood. The figure isn't tracking Cypher. He already knows that the Nalrithian is headed for the Drunken Bantha, the only place worth traveling this way for,

PENCILS BY WALTER MCDANIELS

INKS/COLOR BY SHAWN MARTINBROUGH







## CYPHER BOS

### TYPE: NALRITHIAN BOUNTY HUNTER

**DEXTERITY** 4D+2 - Blaster 7D+2, brawling parry 5D+1, dodge 5D, grenade 5D+2, melee combat 5D+2, melee parry 5D. **KNOWLEDGE** 2D+1 - Intimidation 4D, languages 3D, streetwise 4D+2, streetwise: Ord Mantell 6D. **MECHANICAL** 3D - Astrofagation 4D, Space transports 5D, starship gunnery 4D+1. **PERCEPTION** 2D+2 - Command: Rebel spies 4D\*, con 3D\*, hide 3D, search 3D+2, sneak: urban 5D\*. **STRENGTH** 5D+2 - Brawling 5D+2. **TECHNICAL** 2D+1 - Computer programming 2D+1\*, security 5D, space transports repair: YT-1300 3D+1.

\* Cypher gained these skills by draining all of Phoedris' memories after he killed him.

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:** Body Armor, Enhanced Senses, Mindlink, Resist Mind Control, Telepathy (see below). **CYBORGING:** Cypher Bos has had special cybernetic pain inhibitors implanted along his spine, allowing him to reduce the effects of damage by one category. All damage is received as normal, but all skill rolls (not including Strength) receive one less die penalty (no penalty for -1D, -1D for -2D, etc.). All Strength skills are unaffected by these inhibitors.

#### FORCE POINTS: 4

(2 of which were stolen from Phoedris)

#### CHARACTER POINTS: 12

#### MOVE: 10

**EQUIPMENT:** YT-1300 Corellian transport, bounty hunter armor, modified heavy blaster pistol (has as an additional setting, focused blast, -1D to hit, +2D to damage, range 3-10/11-30/31-60, concealed compartment in handle), 4 hellfire grenades (projects a flammable gel, range 0-2/3-4/5-6/7-9, damage 8D/6D/4D/2D first turn, -4D following 3 turns unless flames are extinguished), vibroblade.

because it's the place to find out anything worth knowing on Ord Mantell.

With dusk quickly approaching, the robed figure has no trouble hiding from the Imperial stormtroopers who march past the alley. He waits for them to go by, then warily continues toward the Bantha. As any good Rebel knows, getting caught now would surely lead to his execution. After all, he is carrying stolen information about an Imperial shipment of credits. The Rebellion plans to intercept the shipment and use the funds to outfit its new secret base on Hoth.

Even so, the mysterious Rebel isn't nearly as concerned with the stormtroopers as he is with Cypher Bos. He's certain Cypher is here also seeking credits, though in the form of Imperial bounties on Rebel spies.

The Drunken Bantha is teeming with activity as a myriad of species chatter in many languages, putting another day of dread behind them. The robed figure spots Cypher, sitting in a dark, secluded corner, speaking to Baajik.

"What is this?" the cloaked Rebel hisses to himself, incredulous that he's being sold out by Baajik—one of his own agents! The Rebel's hood falls away from his face enough to reveal his Nalrithian insectoid features.

There is a mental link shared by Nalrithian eggmates that allows them to think and act as a single entity. The link's range, though, is limited to no more than a dozen meters. For the last 20 minutes, Phoedris Bos—the robed Rebel—has managed to suppress the thought link between himself and his eggmate, Cypher Bos. But now the shock of Baajik's betrayal has broken Phoedris' concentration, and his one powerful thought ("No!") reverberates across the Drunken Bantha.

Of course, Cypher immediately detects the panicked presence of Phoedris and recognizes his eggmate's fear. He's sensed it twice before—while hunting down their other two eggmates. Compared with Phoedris, however, they were rather poor game and not much of a challenge. Phoedris is more than clever enough to evade Cypher indefinitely, yet now his allegiance to the Rebellion has given away his whereabouts. Perhaps the two might have even teamed up, Cypher thinks, but then quickly reminds himself that bleeding-heart Phoedris would never have gone for that.

With less grace than usual, Phoedris pushes past the throng of pirates and smugglers. He tries to persuade himself that Cypher did not detect his mental outburst, knowing, though, that the chances are slim. Phoedris' outrage was so intense, it could have traveled a kilometer between eggmates.

Once outside, Phoedris is tempted to run, but catches himself, remembering the stormtrooper patrol. Rather, he backtracks several blocks, toward the Rebel hideout, nervously clutching his blaster... just in case.

Suddenly, a blaster shot beams from the shadows and catches Phoedris on the shoulder. If it were not for his flowing cloak, the shot would likely have landed in the center of his chest. The pain is still excruciating as Phoedris turns, expecting more fire. Instead, he is tackled and wrestled to the ground by his attacker—Cypher.



## WHAT'S ROLEPLAYING?

A roleplaying game is "let's pretend, with rules." Each person plays his/her own *Star Wars* hero (a character): a Rebel pilot, a smuggler, a bounty hunter or even a Jedi apprentice. One player is the gamemaster. Instead of playing a character, the gamemaster is the storyteller. He comes up with the adventure idea, describes the scenes of the story to the players and then they decide what their characters are going to do. The players imagine what is going on around them and have their characters react to situations, but there's no script. The players simply try whatever they can imagine. For details, read the *Star Wars* roleplaying game sourcebooks from West End Games.

The air crackles with energy as the eggmates struggle, physically and mentally.

"I hope you understand, brother, that your death will serve a greater cause," Cypher shouts telepathically. "The Rebel dogs will never suspect that I have taken your place among them."

Both eggmates feel the excruciating pain of Phoebris' wound as they fight, but Cypher has planned well. "I have prepared for this with cybernetics," he tells his dying brother. "The

wound is a mere tingle to me, while it bleeds you of your life."

The struggle is short. As Phoebris' lifeless body slides to the ground, Cypher unemotionally rips his eggmate's cloak free and fastens it around himself. He also possesses all of Phoebris' knowledge, skills and memories—including the secret location of his Rebel hideout. Still, there is one element missing from his plan to single-handedly bring down the Rebellion as Cypher heads toward the hideout.

He noiselessly enters through a secret doorway into the heart of the Rebel Alliance's intelligence headquarters on Ord Mantell. His motions set off a humming sensor, alerting the two Rebels in the dimly lit room ahead. Not wanting to alarm them, Cypher quickly steps into the light and draws back his hood. "I have the information we need regarding the Imperial shipment," he says. "There should be more than enough credits onboard to pay for the Hoth base." With all of his eggmate's memories, Cypher continues to recite the details of the mission.

A moment later, the sensor hums again as Baajik enters the hideout. He immediately sees the Nalrithian, although he is not fooled by the mere change of clothing. His heightened senses tell him that this is not Phoebris before him. Baajik draws his blaster, but Cypher reacts and fires first, knocking the small bat creature back into the darkness, where he falls into a smoldering heap. With his last gasp, Baajik whimpers, "Cypher Bos..."

"He must have mistaken me for my brother, Cypher Bos, the bounty hunter," the murderer says, laughing to himself as he continues his charade and tries to look concerned. "But Cypher ambushed me on my way here. Fortunately, I blasted him and escaped." ☹

Mike Mikaelian is a freelance artist and writer in New York City.

## NALRITHIAN

**ATTRIBUTE DICE:** 1D, DEXTERITY 2D/5D, KNOWLEDGE 1D/4D, MECHANICAL 1D/4D+1, PERCEPTION 1D/3D+2, STRENGTH 1D+1/4D+1, TECHNICAL 1D/4D

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:** Body Armor: Nalrithians have a chitinous outer skeleton which provides them with +1D+1 protection from physical damage.

**ENHANCED SENSES:** Nalrithians have a very acute sense of smell. They receive a +1D bonus to Perception to notice smells and to identify known scents. The gamemaster can make a secret check using Perception +2 to see if the character notices a scent, such as a familiar species or element, to the character.

**MINDLINK:** All Nalrithians share a special link with their eggmates, which makes them a limited hive society. Usually, eggmates work very closely together, sharing everything, including Force Points. Eggmates can share thoughts, experiences and Force Points voluntarily, or

they can withhold them by passing a Difficult Knowledge check. If an eggmate tries to link to these hidden thoughts or take a Force Point, they must have physical contact and pass a Knowledge check with a higher result. Force Points gained this way can be saved for later use. Mindlink normally has a range of approximately 12 meters, though can be used over longer distances (the mental equivalent of shouting).

**RESIST MIND CONTROL:** A side effect of their Mindlink ability, Nalrithians have a +1D against any attempt to take control of their minds. If the Nalrithians are currently Mindlinked, use the highest resistance among the group and add +1D per Nalrithian.

**TELEPATHY:** Nalrithians communicate using a combination of scents and electromagnetic field manipulation. Devices that affect energy fields have no effect on Nalrithians, unless they are within 10 meters of the character. Generally, Nalrithians can only communicate with their own species and others who use scents and electromagnetic fields. Each

species, however, usually has its own language, which must be learned as such.

**STORY FACTORS:** Xenophobia: The Nalrithians are feared by many other species due to their close resemblance to insects. Average civilians generally avoid Nalrithians because of their appearance. As a result, most Nalrithians are bitter toward all other species, often choosing not to associate with them. Nalrithians, in general, neither trust nor are trusted.

**MOVE:** 8/11

**SIZE:** 1.2-1.6 meters tall

**CAPSULE:** Nalrithians are an insectoid species from an unknown system in the Outer Rim Territories. Little information is available about their societies or customs. They do not speak their own language, but communicate telepathically among themselves. Although it is unknown whether Nalrithians have any gender, it is assumed that they resemble insects in that regard. Several Nalrithians share one egg before birth, and those eggmates have a special telepathic link that can allow them to share thoughts and memories.



IT WAS A HOT NIGHT, which hadn't helped Bie Breil'lya's mood much. The young Bothan was glad to be inside.

While rummaging through his pocket for the room's palm-coder, Bie thought of all the horrible tortures he would like to inflict upon first cousin, Tav, for sending him to this miserable world in the middle of summer. He hoped a cool glass of iced *chi'ffa* would be enough to cool him under his fur.

The only light in the darkened room was the flickering comm board. Bie let out a deep sigh as he flung his bag on the couch. He ordered the board to play the message while he reached for the light panel.

Blinking once, the vid display lit up to show a Twi'lek dressed in a hooded cloak. He fidgeted nervously; by the background noise Bie could tell the recording had been made from a public vid-comm. "Breil'lya, we must change our meeting. Tomorrow morning, 0500 hours, at the small cafe on the corner of..."

*Click!* Bie whirled at the unmistakable sound of a blaster safety being removed. The armored figure half hidden by shadow leveled a mean-looking pistol at Bie. "You are Bie Breil'lya, of the clan Alya."

Bie raised his hands, his fur rippling staccato-fashion to show his panic. "I can double the bounty you've been promised. My family's wealthy. I'll give you anything to let me go!"

"Indeed, you will."

Blue energy enveloped the Bothan.

Bie struggled back to consciousness. He had been propped up in a chair, his hands restrained by wristbinders. The brightly lit room smelled of servo lubricant and thruster exhaust. Like everywhere else on the planet, it was uncomfortably hot. As his vision cleared, he could see a black space yacht outside the hangar.

The drone of a misaligned

# HUNTING TH

An original STAR WARS roleplaying game adventure by Bill Smith, an editor at West End Games

ILLUSTRATION BY OMAHA PÉREZ

LORD DARTH VADER,

BY YOUR DIRECTIVE, I HAVE PREPARED A REPORT ON THE ELUSIVE BOUNTY HUNTER OPERATING UNDER THE NAME NARISS SIV LOQESH. HE IS DIFFICULT TO WORK WITH—EVEN BY THE STANDARDS OF OTHER HUNTERS—BUT HE IS ALSO VERY GOOD AT HIS JOB. AS PER YOUR ORDERS, NARISS HAS BEEN ORDERED TO JOIN THE BOUNTY HUNTERS BOBA FETT, BOSSK, IG-88, DENGAR, 4-LOM AND ZUCKUSS IN THE EFFORT TO TRACK DOWN THE ELUSIVE REBEL OUTLAWS HAN SOLO AND LEIA ORGANA. I'M SURE HIS CONSIDERABLE SKILLS WILL BE OF GREAT UTILITY.

I REMAIN YOUR FAITHFUL SERVANT,

MAJOR HERRIT

IMPERIAL INTELLIGENCE



## IMPERIAL INTELLIGENCE DATAFILE:

NARISS SIV LOQESH IS A VERY SUCCESSFUL HUNTER WITH A CAPTURE RATE OF NEARLY 90%. HE HAS BEEN OPERATING AS A LICENSED HUNTER FOR MORE THAN A DECADE, MAKING FOR AN UNUSUALLY LONG CAREER IN THAT LETHAL PROFESSION. THERE ARE NO VISUAL RECORDS OF THIS INDIVIDUAL'S IDENTITY, DUE TO UNUSUAL GAPS IN COMPUTER RECORDS. HIS INSISTENCE ON OPERATING IN A FULL SUIT OF BODY ARMOR EFFECTIVELY CONCEALS HIS IDENTITY. TRACKING BACK THROUGH IOCI RECORDS, MY AGENTS HAVE DETERMINED THAT HIS FIRST BOUNTY HUNTING PERMIT WAS ISSUED BY A LOCAL AGENCY ON SPERIN (BAJIC SECTOR). NO FURTHER DATA ARE AVAILABLE.

DESPITE THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING HIS ORIGINS, LOQESH'S RESULTS ARE INDISPUTABLE. HE IS AN EXPERT SHOT WITH A BLASTER. HE TENDS TO MAKE EXCELLENT USE OF EXPEDITERS AND INFORMANTS TO GATHER INFORMATION. HE HAS NEVER WORKED DIRECTLY FOR THE EMPIRE.

ALTHOUGH HIS CURRENT WHEREABOUTS ARE UNKNOWN, WE WILL BE CONTACTING NARISS THROUGH AN EXPDITER KNOWN AS CROTE. CROTE WAS LAST SEEN ON GARNIB AND IS PRESUMED TO BE ON THE PLANET.





# THE HUNTERS



power generator pounded in his ears... then he realized that the generator was fine and it was only his head that pounded. Beyond the throbbing headache, though, everything else seemed to be in working order.

"Ah, my furry Bothan friend is now awake."

Bie slowly tracked to the source of the noise, and then fought to concentrate on the figure standing before him. The stun blast's effects were still fairly strong. He didn't recognize the voice, but as he tracked up the figure, he realized that the familiar battle armor and blast helmet were off. A horribly scarred face stared back at him.

"If I was that ugly, I'd put the helmet back on." The alien's only response was to shift his weight from one leg to the other.

Summing up his courage, Bie stood—teetered actually—trying to be as forceful as possible. He concentrated on controlling the nervous ripple of his fur... calming himself... exuding bravery and determination. "You'll never get away with this." It sounded like he was saying, "Yool neber ged abway wid dees."

The alien smiled. "You don't know how many times I've heard that. Now, be a good lad and cooperate, will you?"

With a quick shove, Bie was sent stumbling toward the ship. The alien leaned in close. "Breathing or not, you are worth the same. I would imagine you prefer breathing."

"Well, Nariss, I see you captured your Bothan." The high-pitched but undeniably male voice carried over the hum of the power generators. A short humanoid figure slowly toddled into the hangar. He was a Bimm: essentially human in appearance but barely a meter tall. This particular figure was dressed in a long black cloak—unusual because most Bimms prefer brightly colored garments—but he seemed to have that same insufferably cheery demeanor common to his people.

Nariss—if that was his real



name—turned. “Once again, I am indebted to you, Crote. This time to the tune of 400 credits.” Nariss pulled a small pouch from his belt and selected eight small, plastic disks.

“What do you want with this one, Nariss?” Crote asked as he pocketed the coins.

Nariss smiled—a frightening image in of itself—and patted Crote on the head. “Sometimes it is best for an expediter not to know all the details, right? This one’s worth a nice sum to a rather generous Hutt... and he’s a tempting target for some of my competitors. He is excellent ‘bait.’”

A muffled “Bayt?” emerged from the Bothan’s mouth. Nariss glared at his bound victim. “I wasn’t talking to you, my friend. Now, please be quiet. You’re interrupting my con-

centration.” Nariss’ hand drifted down to rest on his blaster to complete the implied threat.

“As I was saying, he’s bait. There are a few ‘fellow professionals’ I have a personal interest in. The bounty on this Bothan’s head will tempt even them to come after him. And only then will they learn it was a trap set by me. I’m sure most of them forgot about me long ago.”

The Bimm shook his head and chuckled. “A hunter who hunts hunters. Nariss, you are one of a kind. Before you drop this sorry piece of fur off, you’ve been commissioned by the Empire for a hunt. They want to reel in that spoiled Princess-turned-Rebel and—get this—Han Solo and the Wookiee.”

“Solo. First Jabba, now the Empire. He has a talent for getting noticed. Who will he anger next, Vader?”

“Actually, Vader *is* after him. All of the top hunters are in—”

“It doesn’t matter. I don’t work for the Empire. I work for myself. My hunts. My way.”

“But, Nariss... Fett, Bossk and Dengar are already in. If you want to be considered one of the best, you gotta go.”

## WHAT'S ROLEPLAYING?

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“I am the

best, my little

friend. If Fett wants to be

an Imperial lapdog, that is his choice.”

Crote shook his head. “You don’t understand. You don’t turn down someone like Vader.”

Nariss looked Crote in the eye. He hated to endanger the Bimm. And he knew the Imperials would want to question Crote if they thought he knew something.

The little crook deserved better. He’d gotten Nariss out of more than a few scrapes over the years. “I need to finish this. You haven’t seen me. You don’t know where I am. If anyone asks—especially the Empire—tell them I disappeared without a trace. But don’t worry, I’ll be in touch.”

♦ ♦ ♦

LORD DARTH VADER,

DESPITE FIRMLY WORDED WARNINGS, THE HUNTER KNOWN AS NARISS SIV LOQESH IS APPARENTLY... DECLINING... THE INVITATION TO JOIN IN THE HUNT FOR PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA AND HAN SOLO. ACCORDING TO CROTE, HIS EXPEDITER, NARISS HASN’T BEEN SEEN FOR SEVERAL WEEKS.

AS PER YOUR STANDING DIRECTIVES, A “LOCATE AND DETAIN” BOUNTY FOR THE CRIME OF TREASON HAS BEEN POSTED FOR THIS MOST UNGRATEFUL HUNTER. I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT THE BOUNTY OF 25,000 CREDITS WILL BE SUFFICIENT TO GUARANTEE HIS CAPTURE... AND TO REMIND OTHER HUNTERS OF EXACTLY WHERE THEIR INTERESTS LIE.

I REMAIN YOUR FAITHFUL SERVANT,

MAJOR HERRIT

IMPERIAL INTELLIGENCE

♦ ♦ ♦

**Game Notes:** *Nariss Siv Loqesh is a bounty hunter with a deep hatred of other hunters. After turning down Lord Darth Vader’s demand that he track Han Solo and Leia Organa, Loqesh simply disappeared. However, nearly a year and a half later, a new hunter by the name of Andov Syn appeared in crime circles. Syn, like Loqesh, primarily hunts other bounty hunters who have bounties posted on them by criminals and corporations. Syn avoids working for both the Empire and the New Republic, instead hunting on his own. And, like Loqesh, Syn wears battle armor that conceals his identity.* ☮

### NARISS SIV LOQESH (AKA ANDOV SYN)

**DEXTERITY** 4D - blaster 6D+2, brawling parry 4D+1, dodge 4D+1, melee combat 4D+2, **KNOWLEDGE** 3D - intimidation 4D+1, streetwise 3D+2, **MECHANICAL** 2D - astro-gation 2D+2, space transports 2D+2, **PERCEPTION** 3D+2 - forgery 4D, gambling 4D+1, search 4D, Strength 3D - brawling 4D+2, stamina 3D+2, **TECHNICAL** 2D - first aid 3D+1, security 3D+2.

**FORCE POINTS:** 2

**DARK SIDE POINTS:** 2

**CHARACTER POINTS:** 12

.07 HEAVY BLASTER PISTOL (5D), DATAPAD, BOUNTY HUNTER ARMOR\* (+1D ENERGY, +2D PHYSICAL, -1D DEXTERITY ATTRIBUTE AND SKILLS), VIBROBLADE (CONCEALED, STR+1D).

**SYN’S SHADOW\*** Starfighter, hyperdrive multiplier x1, hyperdrive backup x10, maneuverability 2D+2, space 5, atmosphere 295; 850 kmh, hull 5D, shields 2D. Weapons: 2 laser cannons (turret, crew 1, fire control 2D (1D if controlled from cockpit), damage 5D).

\* *Loqesh/Syn, always sure to disguise his real identity, has several different sets of armor, allowing him to take on several different identities, if necessary. Likewise, his vessel, Syn’s Shadow, has at least eight different encoded transponder codes so he can change the identity of his vessel when it is scanned. This hunter is skilled enough to remain almost a complete mystery to both the New Republic and the Empire.*

(For New Republic-era information on Loqesh/Syn, see Wanted by Cracken, page 26. Andov Syn originally created by Greg Farshtey.)



*Four thousand years before the time of Luke Skywalker, the Jedi Knights maintained peace and justice in the Old Republic. Join their ranks and defend the innocent as you take on the role of a Jedi Protector and actually play this original STAR WARS Roleplaying Game adventure!*

# JEDI

ADVENTURE BY PETER SCHWEIGHOFER

ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN DURFEE

## YOU ARE SHALAVAN

, a Jedi Knight. You haven't been a Jedi for long—you only recently completed your training with Master Ortraag and started your first assignment. For the past few weeks you've been a Jedi Protector to an outlying colony of fenti bean farmers and nerf herders. When your mentor brought you here on his ancient starship, he instructed you to protect the settlement and maintain peace among the homesteaders. "Your training with me is finished," he said. "Now your training in the greater galaxy begins." As Master Ortraag's ship disappeared into the sky, you felt the first pangs of insecurity... of being completely on your own. ✦ The last three weeks have been boring. You've resolved a few minor disputes among the colonists and helped round up a stray nerf herd. You're more interested in excitement and adventure. Now you have it. One of the nerf herders disappeared yesterday. His nerfs were found wandering near the entrance to a ravine the settlers strongly believe is haunted. Other herders and wayward farmers have disappeared near the gorge in the past. You set out immediately to solve this mystery. ✦ You find that the ravine is carved into a tall mesa covered in thick vegetation. Because the mesa slopes are too steep to climb, you find the entrance to the ravine. A small brook trickles down the rocky slope. Leafy thorn vines weave a tangled ceiling overhead, with several tendrils hanging lazily down the ravine walls. You can't see very far inside—the foliage above chokes out the sunlight. You don't see any signs of the nerf herder out here. Igniting your lightsaber for illumination, you carefully enter the dark ravine...





# PROTECTOR

DURFEE  
9/7



# YOU

are about to embark on a *STAR WARS* Role-playing Game adventure. A roleplaying game is just a more sophisticated version of the children's game "Let's Pretend." Did you ever used to create your own *STAR WARS* adventures using action figures, a few pillows and the living room furniture? Role-playing is something like that. It is often described as interactive storytelling. You assume the role of a character in the story, and your choices and actions affect the outcome.

In the game, the story is not only shaped through your choices, but also your abilities. These are represented by skill rolls: rolling a certain number of dice which stand for your talents. The higher your roll, the better you perform a certain task. To play the adventure presented here, you'll need a handful of ordinary, six-sided dice. (Borrow some from board games in your house or buy them at a local toy or hobby store.)

Take a look at the sidebar describing Shalavaa's skills and powers. After the skills, you'll see some odd number/letter combinations: "lightsaber 5D+2," "cultures 4D," "droid repair 3D+2" and so on. The number before the "D" represents the number of dice you roll, while any bonus after that (the "+1" or "+2") is added to the total. The higher the number in front of the "D," the better Shalavaa is at that skill. A score of 2D is average, 4D is good and anything above that is even better. Don't worry about what all those numbers mean right now; you'll learn how to use Shalavaa's skills and what dice to roll during this brief game encounter.

Although the *STAR WARS* Role-playing Game is played among a group of friends, this short adventure is designed for one person. It's a quick introduction into some of the concepts of role-playing: running your character and rolling dice for skills. Don't read the rest of this article straight through—you'll ruin all the surprises in the story. Begin at entry #1, and follow the directions at the end of each section. They'll tell you which entry to go to next. And may the Force be with you!

**1** You continue up the ravine, looking for signs of the missing nerf herder. In one hand you hold your lightsaber aloft, providing the only illumination besides the rare patches of sunlight that filter through the thick thorn vines. Use your other hand to steady yourself as you climb the ravine.

It grows narrower as you ascend. Eventually it levels off, the bubbling stream gathering in several calm pools. Stooping down to take a quick drink, you notice a bit of worn brown leather nearby—you've found one of the herder's boots nestled in the undergrowth. You find no signs of the settler himself. You decide to stop and look for other clues.

Although your normal vision and hearing reveal little else, Master Ortraag taught you how to fine-tune your senses and increase their range. Use the Jedi power of magnify senses. Shalavaa's character stats show that any sense powers he uses have a score of 2D: To use Shalavaa's power of magnify senses, roll two dice. Toss the two dice and see what you get:

\* If you roll 4 or lower, you feel the Force flowing through you as you examine your surroundings: the herder's boot, the pools of water, the leafy thorn vines, thicker spiky vines, the lush canopy of vegetation high above you. Go to #2.

\* If you rolled 5 or higher, you notice something else. Go to #3.

**2** You feel a thick, spiky vine lash out and wrap around your waist several times. It yanks you upward toward the foliage. You've managed to keep a firm grasp on your lightsaber, so you haven't lost that. You could easily cut this aggressive vine, but you're more interested in seeing where it takes you.

After a moment of slow ascent, you see a massive clump of broad leaves surrounding a toothy mouth. Several

thick vines—including the one that's captured you—grow around the mouth's edge. The maw is lined with razor-sharp spikes, larger spines and sucker tendrils. A carnivorous plant has selected you to be its dinner!

Your only hope is to fight this hungry plant off with your lightsaber. Shalavaa's skill with this elegant Jedi weapon is 5D+2: Roll five dice and add two to the total.

\* If you roll 14 or lower, go to #6.

\* If you roll 15 or higher, go to #5.

**3** As you allow the Force to flow through you, heightening your senses, you notice that some vines are thicker than the other, leafy ones. These thick vines have longer thorns on them, and they smell different from the others... less like plants and more like animals.

## SHALAVAA

Type: Jedi Protector

**DEXTERITY** 3D+2 — Blaster 4D, dodge 4D+2, lightsaber 5D+2. **KNOWLEDGE** 3D — Bureaucracy 4D, cultures 4D, languages 4D. **MECHANICAL** 2D — Repulsorlift operation 3D. **PERCEPTION** 3D — Bargain 4D, persuasion 4D. **STRENGTH** 2D+1 — Climbing/jumping 3D+2. **TECHNICAL** 2D — Droid programming 3D, droid repair 3D+2, first aid 3D.

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:** **FORCE POWERS** — Control 1D, Sense 2D. **CONTROL** — Concentration, control pain. **SENSE** — Life detection, magnify senses, sense Force.

This character is Force-sensitive

**FORCE POINTS:** 1

**CHARACTER POINTS:** 5

**MOVE:** 10

**EQUIPMENT:** Lightsaber (5D damage)



You concentrate further and hear their soft rustling. They're moving.

You leap out of way just as a vine whips out and tries to ensnare you in its thorns. Several other tentacles dart at you. Your only hope is to fight the vines off with your lightsaber. Shalavaa's skill with this elegant Jedi weapon is 5D+2: Roll five dice and add two to the total.

**\* If you roll 14 or lower, you fend off some of the vines with your lightsaber, but not all of them. Go to #2.**

**\* If you roll 15 or higher, you manage to slice through one of the vines. Go to #4.**

**4** You continue striking at any thorny tentacle that comes near you. When you slice off the last tentacle, you hear a blood-curdling scream from high up in the leafy vegetation. A large, leafy ball drops from the canopy. Broad leaves surround a toothy mouth. Several thick vines grow around the mouth's edge... you've severed most of them. The maw is lined with razor-sharp spikes, larger spines and sucker tendrils. The creature is writhing in pain. You make one final lunge with your lightsaber, cleave the monster in two and silence its cries.

A dark, cloaked figure emerges from the shadows in the ravine. "You have done well, my student," Master Ortraag says. "You have proven your skill with the traditional Jedi weapon. Now perhaps you are ready for further challenges. There are other ills plaguing this galaxy. The colonists can settle their own disputes and protect themselves. You are ready to fight a greater evil."

**Please go to #7.**

**5** Your first slash hits home. The lightsaber's blade cleaves the creature's main body in two. As the outer leaves shrivel and a greenish goo dribbles from its maw, the tentacles go limp, releasing their grasp. You grab hold and slowly climb down to the ravine floor.

When you reach the bottom, a dark, cloaked figure emerges from the shadows in the gorge. "You have done well, my student," Master Ortraag says. "You have proven your skill with the traditional Jedi weapon, though your other skills need work. Perhaps you are ready for further challenges. There are other ills plaguing this galaxy. The colonists can settle their own disputes and protect themselves. You are ready to fight a greater evil."

**Please go to #7.**

**6** You swing your lightsaber at the creature's mouth, but it somehow senses that the attack is coming. The tentacle vine that's holding you jerks you out of range at the last minute. You keep swinging the lightsaber at the plant's main body—at least this way it's not going to eat you immediately.

You see a dark blur in the canopy above the creature. You hear the snap-hiss of a lightsaber, and see a bright blade cleave the

monster's main body in two. As the outer leaves shrivel and a greenish goo dribbles from its maw, the tentacles go limp, releasing their grasp. You grab hold and slowly climb down to the ravine floor.

When you reach the bottom, Master Ortraag is waiting for you. "It seems I was too hasty to send you out on your own," he says, clipping his lightsaber back to his belt. "Your skills have much to be desired. Although there are greater ills plaguing this galaxy, you are not yet prepared to fight them."

**Please go to #7.**

**7** Now you have some idea what roleplaying games are about. Like "Let's Pretend," you assume the role of a fictional character in the *STAR WARS* universe. Your choices and your skill rolls help tell a story in which you become the main character. Any time you want to use your skills, just roll the dice listed with the appropriate skill. The higher you roll, the better you accomplish the task.

If you like, play this adventure again to see how it works.

If you enjoyed this short encounter, you can easily explore more *STAR WARS* Roleplaying Games on your own. West End Games publishes many books that describe the *STAR WARS* galaxy and the numerous adventures you can undertake there.

The *STAR WARS Introductory Adventure Game* is a good place to start. The box set has everything you need to create your own *STAR WARS* adventures. The rules are simple, and they're taught as you play the game. There's even an adventure like this one to help you understand the rules.

For a greater challenge, try the *STAR WARS Roleplaying Game, Revised & Expanded*. It gives you many more options for creating characters and adventures in the *Star Wars* universe.

You can also try your hand at a longer solitaire type adventure like this one. *Imperial Double-Cross*, another West End Games book, has a much longer adventure you can play by yourself. It uses the same simple rules as "Jedi Protector."

The *STAR WARS* universe is immense. With the roleplaying game, you can visit new planets, uncover Imperial plans, free comrades from bounty hunters and struggle with the Rebel Alliance to stop the evil Empire. You create the characters, plots, action and excitement. All you need is your imagination. ☺

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*Peter Schweighofer is West End Games' Editorial Director and former editor of The Official STAR WARS Adventure Journal. He has created several exclusive STAR WARS Roleplaying Game adventures for SWGM.*



# LUMIYA

## DARK STAR OF THE EMPIRE

*She was a Jedi Knight who, like Darth Vader, succumbed to the dark side. Now add Lumiya to your STAR WARS role-playing games*

BY MICHAEL MIKAELIAN

ART BY COLLEEN DORAN

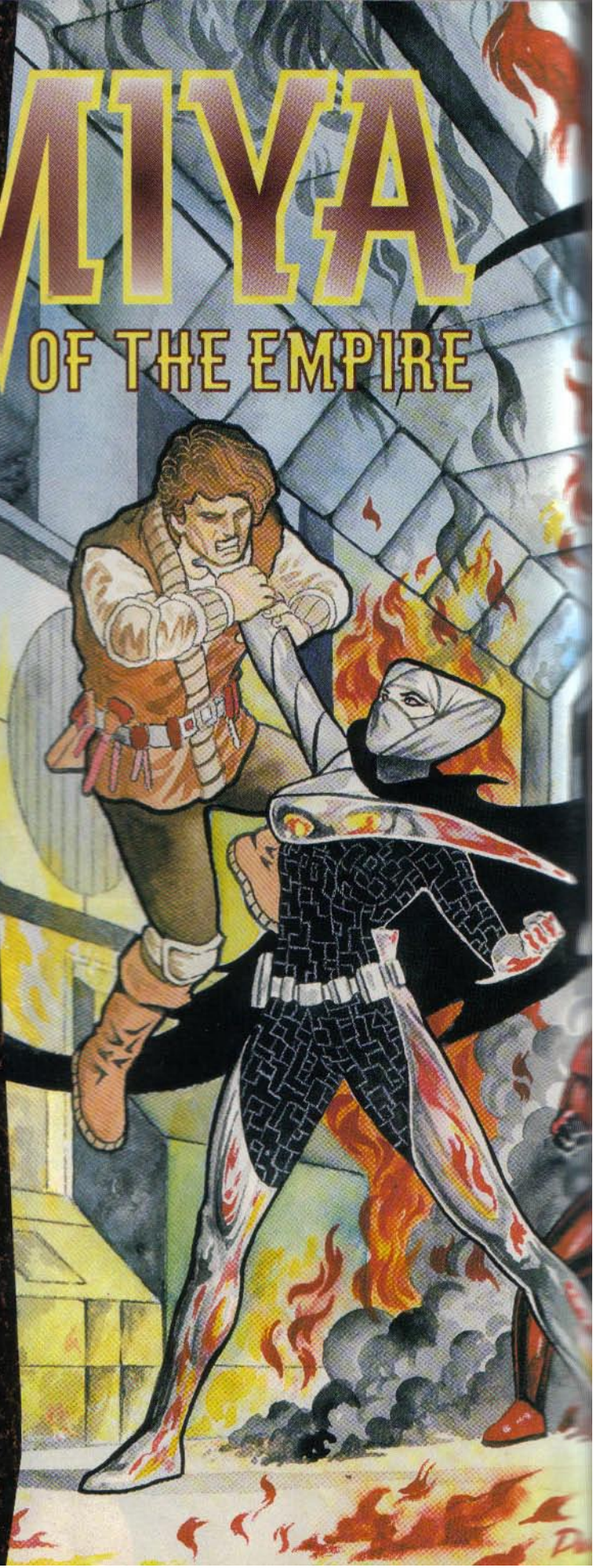
THE IMPERIAL FRIGATE REVENANT, flanked by her escort corvettes Wolf-Pack and Borealis, ruptured the usual desolation of the Cron Drift. The ships hammered at the small asteroids that normally made the Drift treacherous to navigate. On the bridge of the Revenant, a soft beeping sensor queued an Imperial ensign to speak.

"Captain Valek, we're approaching Communications Research Station Epsilon Nine."

"Very well. Hail them on —"

"No," hissed a stern metallic voice. "Continue our approach at half speed and monitor all transmissions." Lumiya moved like a shadow across the command deck. The ensign looked up again.

"Epsilon Nine is emitting an unknown low-level radiation pulse. Their ground comlinks are New Republic frequencies." Valek turned toward Lumiya, eyes wide. "Captain, scanners







indicate nine X-wing fighters inbound, bearing two-seven-one."

"How could the Republic have known about this station, much less capture it," said the astonished Valek, looking toward Lumiya, herself unfazed by the situation.

"Imperial Intelligence became aware of this very recently, Captain. Apparently, they have made a push into the Elrood Sector to acquire some of our technology for themselves."

There were several isolated facilities built by the Empire to conduct top-secret research, each tucked away in the remote Cron Drift. Lumiya's current task was to inspect each one and get a first-hand report on their progress. Due to the fractured order among Imperial forces, the Epsilon research project was ignored by many. But not by the New Republic.

"Have the corvettes assault the station's laser batteries," commanded Lumiya, sending a wave of cold authority throughout the bridge. "Helm, turn us broadside to the station, but bring the turbolasers to bear on those fighters. Flight Ops, launch TIE interceptor squadron Alpha. Have TIE bomber squadron Theta support the corvettes."

Outside, the Drift was aglow with the thick, precise mayhem of turbolasers. The X-wings, surprised by the Revenant's heavy weapons, fell quickly to the power of the frigate and the sudden onslaught of TIE interceptors.

New Republic laser turrets fired pointlessly on the broadside of the Revenant, ignoring the two corvettes. The pair surgically carved through the ground weaponry and troop emplacements. Their TIE bomber support dropped proton torpedoes with uncanny accuracy and blew open the landing platform, a pathway to breathable atmosphere.

From the belly of the Wolf-Pack came two assault shuttles. The Borealis flew low and dispatched two juggernauts. Their crushing wheels mowed over several barricades as they plowed toward the central research station; their heavy laser cannons shredded the blast doors of the outer perimeter. Crimson-clad stormtroopers followed, swarming through the portal. Even outnumbered two-to-one, Lumiya's commandos made short work of the station security.

As the firefight raged below, a lone Lambda-class shuttle streaked from the Revenant toward the planetoid's surface.



Lumiya scanned the carnage caused by her fleet as she strode through the gaping hole in the compound. The stormtroopers had herded together a group of frightened scientists, the station's only survivors. The smell of ozone permeated the room; small fires marked blaster shots on the walls and floors.

"All Republic forces have been eliminated. We suffered three wounded. All personnel are accounted for," reported a stormtrooper, pointing to the group. The glow of the fires gleamed off Lumiya's armor as she approached the scientists.

"A woman?" proclaimed one of them. In an instant, he was lifted by an unseen Force, and flew across the room, stopped only by Lumiya's hand gripping his throat. The others watched in horror as she crushed his throat.

"I am Lumiya," she stated coldly, dropping the scientist's lifeless body. "You were charged with developing new spy satellites for Imperial Intelligence. I am here to remind you of your loyalties to the Empire, and will overlook consorting with the enemy just this once."

Lumiya whirled back toward the still-smoldering door. With a flashing stroke of her arm, deadly tendrils of energy snaked from Lumiya's lightwhip and wrapped around a New Republic sigil. Sparks flew as the poly-



**MOST OF LUMIYA'S LIFE** has been spent serving the Empire. Born Shira Elan Colla Brie, she was a native of the beautiful planet Coruscant, and was raised on an estate belonging to Senator Palpatine. Shira was gifted in all the ways a child should be: She was beautiful, intelligent, fast and strong.

As a teenager, Shira was chosen for COMPNOR, a program for adolescent indoctrination. She quickly became the top inductee, and demonstrated an unwavering allegiance to the Empire.

As a result, she was admitted into an Imperial program of a similar nature. Shira's success in all areas of training attracted the eye of Darth Vader, who recommended that she be trained as an Imperial Intelligence operative. Her fighting skills and allegiance to the Empire were already exceptional, and her body was biologically altered to match. The Emperor's scientists raised Shira's pain threshold to its highest level, and gave her an accelerated healing rate.

The Empire's defeat at the Battle of Yavin, in which the first Death Star was destroyed, was a harrowing blow. Afterward, a plan was put into action to insure that the Rebel Alliance would never gain the upper hand again. By providing Shira with a carefully fabricated history, Darth Vader

## MAJOR SHIRA ELAN COLLA BRIE (After the Battle of Hoth)

### TYPE: IMPERIAL INTEL SOLO AGENT

**DEXTERITY 3D** - Blaster 5D+2, brawling parry 7D+1, dodge 6D+1, melee combat 6D, melee parry 6D, thrown weapons 5D+1, vehicle blasters 5D. **KNOWLEDGE 4D** - Alien species 5D, cultures 6D\*, intimidation 5D+2, languages 7D\*, planetary systems 7D\*, streetwise 6D+1, survival 7D\*. **MECHANICAL 3D** - Astrogation 5D, beast riding 5D, repulsorlift operation 6D, space transports 5D, starfighter piloting 5D, starship gunnery 5D. **PERCEPTION 3D+2** - Bargain 4D+2, command 4D, con 6D, forgery 5D, hide 5D, persuasion 6D, search 6D, sneak 6D. **STRENGTH 3D** - Brawling 4D+2, climbing/jumping 4D, lifting 4D, stamina 5D, swimming 4D. **TECHNICAL 3D** - Computer programming/repair 5D+1, first aid 5D+2, security 7D\*

\* Skills that have been artificially enhanced by mnemonic drugs.

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:** **BIOLOGICAL ENGINEERING** - Shira Brie's life-systems have been artificially engineered to allowed her to ignore pain and to increase her stamina and strength. When rolling for natural healing (page 67, *Star Wars Second Edition* rulebook), Shira adds +1D to her **STRENGTH** roll. Shira may attempt to heal in half the normal time, but loses the +1D bonus. She also can control pain as per the Force power (page 148, *Second Edition* rulebook), but increase all difficulties to Easy for wounded or stunned, Moderate for incapacitated and Difficult for mortally wounded; she rolls her **STRENGTH**.

**This character is Force-Sensitive**

**FORCE POINTS: 3**

**DARK SIDE POINTS: 5**

**CHARACTER POINTS: 9**

**MOVE: 10**

**EQUIPMENT** - Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, Rebel Alliance pilot uniform



steel symbol of hope was bisected by the Dark Jedi's weapon. The scientists hung their heads, knowing that once again they were to serve the Empire.

"My garrison will insure your diligent work—and safety. I will return in eight weeks to witness your dramatic progress. Failure will not be tolerated."

With that, Lumiya and her assault team boarded their shuttles and departed. As the troops escorted Epsilon Nine's staff to their quarters, a small group spoke quietly among themselves. "Do you think they intercepted our signal?" whispered a dark-haired woman.

"Doubtful," replied a Calamarian. "Their scanners should have only picked up low-level radiation. When our emissions reach the satellite web, it will transmit a distress signal... but there's no guarantee anyone will receive it."

arranged for her to infiltrate the Rebellion as a pilot. The city of Chinshassa on Shalyvane was resistant to Imperial rule. The entire city was razed to remind its inhabitants to fear the Empire, and to provide Shira with a credible background.

Shira had little trouble joining the Rebellion after the Battle of Hoth. The Rebels were desperate for pilots, and she proved to be an exceptional one. Months passed, and no one ever suspected her true agenda.

In her final mission for the Rebel Alliance, Shira flew a stolen TIE fighter. The Rebel TIE squadron was specially equipped with transmitters that would enable them to recognize each other. The target, a Star Destroyer fitted with an experimental communications system, rendered the transmitters useless. In the resulting chaos, Shira's TIE was destroyed by another Rebel pilot. The surviving Rebels succeeded in destroying the communications prototype and returned home, believing Shira had been killed. However, because of her altered physiology, she did not die.

Shira was rescued by the Empire and returned to Coruscant. There, the Emperor's scientists used their most advanced cybernetics to save her. Soon after her recovery, Lord Vader began training her in the ways of the Force. Shira boldly embraced the dark path Vader laid before her, and began a new life. From that moment on, Shira Brie ceased to exist. She became Lumiya.

While a desperate battle raged above the forest moon of Endor, Lumiya had begun the final test of all Jedi. Traveling to the far reaches of the galaxy, she uncovered an ancient Sith tome that spoke of a weapon forged of "biting metal and stinging light." That served as the basis for her lightwhip, a more difficult weapon to use than a lightsaber.

After the death of the Emperor, Lumiya tracked down the former Rebels with the help of an alien species called the Nagai, and later their enemy, the Tofs. During the final conflict of that encounter, Lumiya was wounded and left for dead again. Yet, again, she managed to survive—only to return stronger than ever. ☹

Michael Mikaelian is an illustrator and writer in New York.

WRITTEN WITH PATRICK McLAUGHLIN

SPECIAL THANKS TO BILL SMITH OF WEST END GAMES,

JO DUFFY AND MATT HONG

## LUMIYA

(Immediately after the Battle of Endor)

TYPE: DARK JEDI

**DEXTERITY 3D** – Blaster 6D, brawling parry 8D, dodge 6D+2, lightwhip 10D\*, melee combat 6D+2, melee parry 6D+1, thrown weapons 5D+1, vehicle blasters 5D. **KNOWLEDGE 4D** – Alien species 5D+1, cultures 6D+1\*, intimidation 6D+2, languages 7D+1\*, planetary systems 7D\*, streetwise 7D, survival 7D\*. **MECHANICAL 3D** – Astrostation 5D, beast riding 5D, repulsorlift operation 6D, space transports 5D, starfighter piloting 5D, starship gunnery 5D. **PERCEPTION 3D+2** – Bargain 4D+2, command 5D, con 6D, forgery 5D, hide 5D, persuasion 6D+2, search 6D+2, sneak 6D. **STRENGTH 3D** – Brawling 7D+1, climbing/jumping 4D, lifting 4D, stamina 5D+2, swimming 4D. **TECHNICAL 3D** – Computer programming/repair 5D+1, first aid 5D+2, security 7D\*.

\* Skills that have been artificially enhanced by mnemonic drugs.

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:** BIOLOGICAL ENGINEERING – See above. CYBORGING – After her near-fatal encounter, extensive cybernetic replacement was the only way to save Shira Brie's life. She receives +1D energy and +1D+1 physical to resist damage to all locations except her head. **FORCE SKILLS** – Control 5D+2, sense 3D+2, alter 2D. **CONTROL** – Absorb/dissipate energy, accelerate healing, control pain, hibernation trance, reduce injury, remain conscious, resist stun. **SENSE** – Life detection, life sense, sense Force. **CONTROL AND ALTER** – Lightwhip combat

This character is Force-Sensitive

FORCE POINTS: 7

DARK SIDE POINTS: 12

CHARACTER POINTS: 15

MOVE: 10

**EQUIPMENT** – Lightwhip (5D damage, range of 5 meters; increases the difficulty of all parry attempts by one level unless using one weapon to counteract the energy nature of the weapon and another to counteract the physical nature of the weapon)

**NOTE:** Lumiya has directly under her command three Star Destroyers (*Behemoth*, *Fury* and *Rampage*), two Nebulon-B frigates (*Revenant* and *Spectre*) and four Corellian corvettes (*Wolf-Pack*, *Borealis*, *Firestorm* and *Scorpion IV*). Each Star Destroyer carries 72 TIE ships and each frigate carries 24 TIE ships. The corvette *Firestorm* has been modified to carry 4 TIE ships for ambushes. The corvette *Scorpion IV* has a missile launcher turret in its tail section. Of the four platoons of stormtroopers under Lumiya's command, two squads were selected from the Emperor's Royal Guardsmen, and are distinguished by their red stormtrooper armor.

**NOTE:** When Lumiya first was given cybernetics, she had blasters incorporated into her hands (5D damage, ranges 3-10/20/50), but they were destroyed. Her replacement cybernetics lack those blasters.

**NOTE:** (At the end of the Tof Invasion) **FORCE SKILLS** – Control 6D+1, sense 4D, alter 2D+2. **CONTROL** – Rage (page 60, *Dark Empire Sourcebook*). **ALTER** – Injure/kill, telekinesis



# PRIORITY

## SHE

wasn't out of hyperspace for more than a few minutes when the incoming-message indicator buzzed. She took in a steadying breath—her body was still recovering from her narrow escape of Ulicia just a half hour earlier—and then hit the comm display:

MESSAGE FOR: Hart-and-Parn Gorra-Fiolla of Lorrd

SECTION: Office of the Auditor-General

FROM: Akeeli Somerce, First Assistant to the Prex

SECTION: Office of the Prex, Chils Meplin

REGARDING: New Assignment

PRIORITY: X/Class A Infraction

The use of her full name immediately set her off, but the source and priority of the message had grabbed her attention, relegating the peeve to the back of her mind.

"Priority X?" she found herself saying out loud. *From the Office of the Prex?* Something about the header itself unsettled her—made her outright anxious, in fact.

She delved into the body of the message. It took her a few moments to read to the end, at which point she could do nothing but stare at the screen, hoping she was hallucinating. According to the Prex's informants, the Rebels had just destroyed the Empire's Death Star battle station near the Yavin star system. And because the Corporate Sector Authority had an Imperial charter, anything that affected the Empire affected the CSA, as well.

The message indicated that one rumor placed the fleeing band of insurgents in the Abo Dreth system, which was within Corporate Sector borders. The Prex wanted her to verify that information—immediately.

Normally, she didn't need much time to prepare for an assignment. But in this case she was low on fuel, almost out of power cells for her blaster and still in possession of the prisoner she'd just "liberated" from Commex's headquarters. She couldn't just turn around now and head off on another case...

Except for the fact that the assignment came

from the Office of the Prex and was classified Priority X, which essentially left her no choice.

Without further debate, she punched the designated coordinates for Abo Dreth into the navicomputer and then left the astrogation software to calculate the precise vectors as she headed aft to take care of her prisoner, who was currently bound to one of the ship's bulkheads.

Naven Crel looked up as she entered the passenger area. "Priority X, huh? Sounds important."

"Give me a break, Crel. You don't even know what that means."

"Maybe. Maybe not."

"Don't you have other things to worry about? Industrial sabotage is a Class B infraction, you know. If the Prex hadn't ordered me to get you out of there, Commex would've ended your life without a second thought. In a few days you'll be on trial before the entire Direx board—maybe you should start coming up with a plan."

She gave his binders a hard yank, eliciting a yelp from Crel. "That should hold you for a while."

She returned to the cockpit, ignoring the curses Crel was muttering under his breath. A light on the control board indicated that the navicomputer had completed the hyperspace calculations. She strapped herself into the flight chair and pulled the three lightspeed levers backward. With a slight jolt, the *Tydia Rish* leaped into hyperspace.

She checked the ship's status indicators. All normal. According to the navicomputer, the trip would take less than 45 minutes—enough time to catch a quick nap. Although she hated being asleep at the helm, she'd been up for 30 hours already, so even a short rest would do wonders—she hoped.

As she succumbed to her exhaustion, one last thought wound its way through her mind: Besides, what could possibly go wrong?

XXXXXXXXXX

She awoke with a start. Before she could even focus, she felt something cold pressed against the side of her neck.

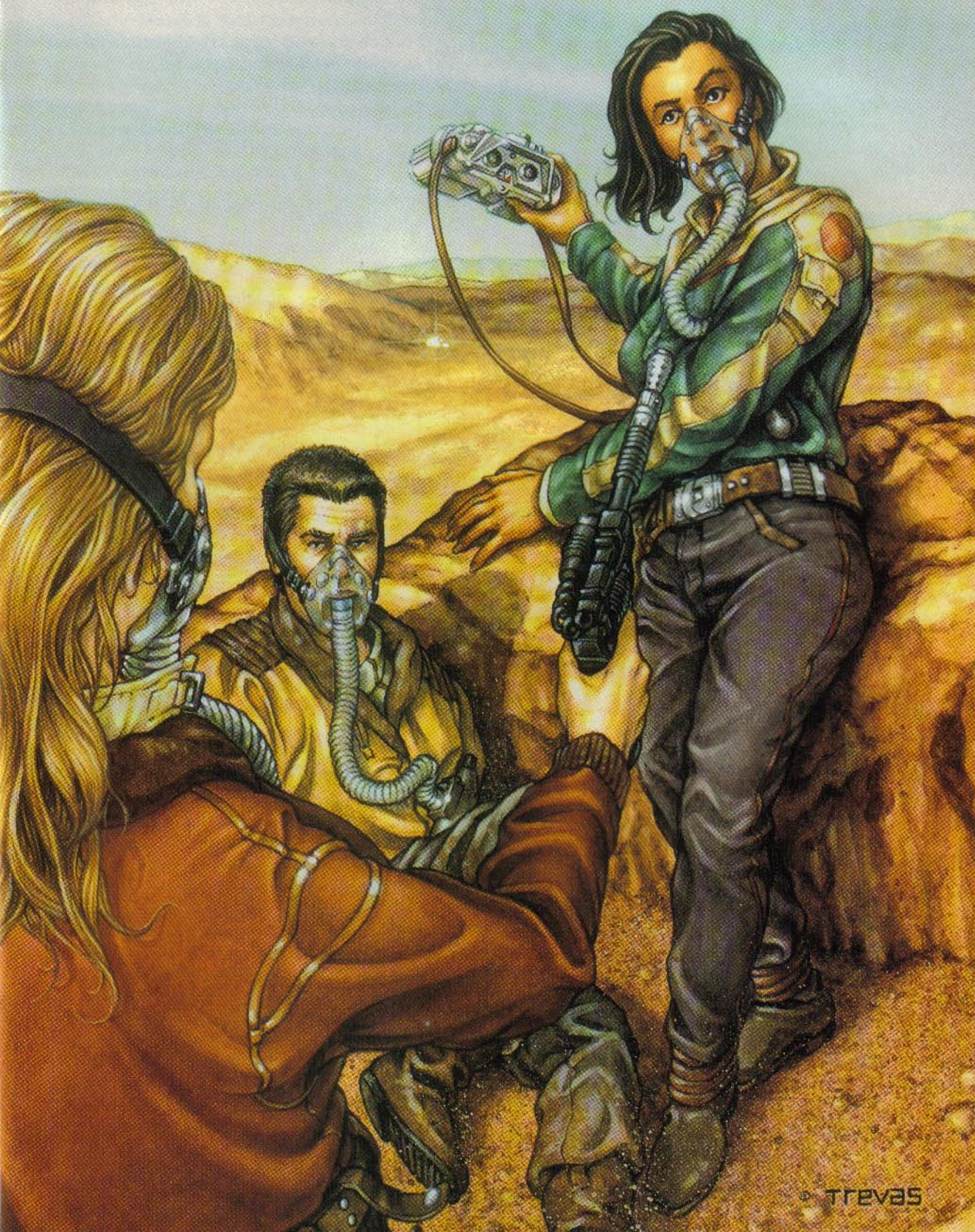
"How's *this* for a plan?" Crel said, dropping



# 4: X

This original *STAR WARS* tale of deceit and double-crossing, from the creative forces at West End Games, can also be used in roleplaying games

STORY BY GEORGE R. STRAYTON    ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRIS TREVAS





into a hearty laugh that defied his slim stature.

Fiolla straightened up in her chair as she regained her bearings. Crel stood to her right, his finger on the blaster trigger—her blaster, she realized. She looked up, straight into his eyes. “You’re not serious?”

“Pretty serious. And what’re you going to do about it?”

As she slid down in her seat, she said, “*This*,” and then kicked the lightspeed levers forward, immediately dropping the ship back into realspace. As he glanced over to see what she had just done, she grabbed the throttle and initiated the reverse thrusters.

Crel’s inertia slammed him into the control board, and the blaster flew from his hand. A half

levels of radioactivity and a nitrogen-heavy atmosphere. “Perfect place for a hideout, I guess.”

She set the sensors to scan mode, searching for any humanoid life forms. Less than a minute later, she had something—a blip on the western edge of the smallest continent. She grabbed the control yoke and dove for the surface.

XXXXXXXXXX

She pulled Crel up to the edge of a bluff. She couldn’t leave him behind—she hadn’t even figured out how he’d escaped the first time. She checked his breath mask to make sure it was properly sealed and then returned to her surveillance.

She made one pass across the wide wasteland with her naked eye and then, finding nothing, gave the macrobinoculars a try.

Still nothing.

No... wait.

### FIOLLA OF LORRD

TYPE: CSA AUDITOR GENERAL

**DEXTERITY** 3D — Blaster 6D+2, blaster artillery 3D+2, brawling parry 5D+2, dodge 7D+1, firearms 4D+1, grenade 4D+1, melee combat 6D+1, pick pocket 5D+1, running 7D, thrown weapons 5D, vehicle blasters 4D+2. **KNOWLEDGE** 2D — Alien species 5D+2, bureaucracy 6D+2, business 6D+1, cultures 7D, intimidation 6D, languages 8D+2, law enforcement 9D, planetary systems 5D+2, streetwise 6D+2, survival 4D+1, value 5D, willpower 5D+2. **MECHANICAL** 2D+2 — Astro-gation 3D+1, beast riding 3D+1, communications 3D+1, ground vehicle operation 4D, repulsorlift operation 5D+2, rocket pack operation 3D, sensors 4D+2, space transports 3D+2, starfighter piloting 3D+1, starship gunnery 5D+1, starship shields 4D+2, swoop operation 5D+2. **PERCEPTION** 5D — Bargain 5D+2, body language 8D+2, command: lower-ranking CSA Auditor-General agents 9D, command: Detached Duty officers 7D+1, con 7D+2, forgery 6D+2,

gambling 5D+2, hide 6D+1, investigation 9D+1, kinetic communication 9D, persuasion 6D, search 6D+2, sneak 6D+1. **STRENGTH** 3D — Brawling 5D+1, climbing/jumping 5D+1, lifting 4D, stamina 5D+1, swimming 3D+2. **TECHNICAL** 2D+1 — Computer programming/repair 5D, demolitions 3D+1, droid programming 4D+1, first aid 5D+1, ground vehicle repair 3D+2, repulsorlift repair 3D+1, security 8D, space transports repair 3D+1, starship weapon repair 4D.

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:** Kinetic Communication: Lorradians can communicate with each other by means of a language of subtle facial expressions, muscle ticks and body gestures.

Force Points: 3

Character Points: 6

Move: 11

**EQUIPMENT:** Authority Cash Voucher (100,000 credit limit), 5,000 credits cash (various currencies), jumpsuit, hold-out blaster (3D+1), pocket computer, Auditor-General badge



second later,

Fiolla unclicked her seat restraints, jumped up and—just as Crel turned back around—punched him solidly on the chin. He fell to the deckplates in a heap.

“I like my plan better,” she said, flexing her bruised hand so it wouldn’t stiffen as the muscles repaired themselves.

Fifteen minutes later she had him bound again—this time wrists and ankles—and strapped into the seat next to hers. The chronometer counted down the last few seconds to her destination, and then the *Tydia Rish* decelerated into realspace.

Fiolla looked out the viewport onto Abo Dreth—a large, dark-brown world dotted with hundreds of silver lakes. The thin lines of rivers wandered across the planet’s face in no particular pattern, and a few gray cloud banks drifted across the equatorial region. The automatic sensors showed meager life signs, higher than normal

About three kilometers off sat an object that gleamed in the light of the system’s yellow sun.

“It’s a Corellian StarRunner,” came a woman’s voice from behind her.

Fiolla spun around, accidentally knocking Crel to the ground. The human woman before her wore standard spacer’s clothing and a breath mask—and had a sporting blaster trained on Fiolla.

“Who are you?” Fiolla asked.



The woman moved closer. "My ship... it's a Corellian StarRunner. Not even on the market yet."

Fiolla squinted against the harsh midday sunlight. The woman definitely looked familiar. "You planning on using that thing?" she asked, eyeing the blaster.

"This?" she said in a lilting timbre. "Of course."

"All right, what do you want? I've got some supplies on my ship, a few credits, a couple of expended power cells. Any of that sound good to you?" Next to her, Crel finally struggled back to his feet.

"No," she said as she continued to move closer.

"I'm not interested in any of that."

"Then what?"

She gave a smile that Fiolla didn't find at all endearing. "I'm here for you."

Time for a different tack. "Do you realize who I am?"

"Oh, most certainly... Fiolla of Lorrd. In fact, I've been waiting for you. You're late."

"Yeah, well, I had some... passenger trouble."

The woman stopped a few meters from Fiolla and Crel, and leveled her blaster at Fiolla's chest.

Fiolla swallowed and glanced at her own blaster in the holster at her hip.

"Try it," the woman said.

Fiolla knew better than to go for the blaster while her adversary was focused on it—especially when her hand was still a bit stiff from punching Crel. She needed a distraction to give her that extra moment.

"I'm sure my boss will wish he'd been here to see this," the woman said. "But he's got more important matters to deal with."

"Who's your boss?"

"Haven't figured it out yet? I'm shocked. You just infiltrated one of his corporate headquarters not three hours ago."

"Commex? You work for Erdin Giblo?"

"Hardly. I report to the head of the super-corp that owns Commex."

Fiolla suddenly wondered how this woman could have even known about her last assignment. There were only two people who had access to that information—the Prex himself, Chils Meplin, and his assistant.

She looked into the woman's eyes. "Akeeli Somerce."

"Very good, my ex-Auditor-General. The Prex has decided that you and your friend here know too much."

"So the rumor about the Rebels?"

"Obviously fictitious." Somerce raised the blaster and took careful aim.

In the same moment, Fiolla felt something rub against her side. She glanced down to see Crel's free hand edging toward her blaster. Somehow he had managed to slip out of his binders as he was getting back to his feet.

"Wait!" Fiolla said, stalling. "I don't understand. What does the Prex have to do with Commex leaking top-level CSA data to the Empire?"

Somerce stared into her eyes. "I don't think it's any of your business." She pulled the trigger...

And at the same time, Crel yanked the blaster from Fiolla's holster and fired.

## WHAT'S ROLEPLAYING?

A roleplaying game is "let's pretend," with rules. Each person plays his/her own *STAR WARS* hero (a character)—a Rebel pilot, a smuggler, a bounty hunter or even a Jedi apprentice. One player acts as the gamemaster. Instead of playing a character, the gamemaster is the storyteller. He or she creates the adventure, describes the scenes of the story and determines the effects of the characters' actions on the game world around them. The players imagine the events of the story and decide how their characters react, but they don't follow a script. This way they interactively create their very own *STAR WARS* saga. For more information, check out the *STAR WARS* Roleplaying Game from West End Games.

Fiolla leaped to the side, hit the ground hard and then rolled, stopping just a meter away. She looked up to see Somerce lying face upward, not moving.

"Thanks, Crel," she said as she stood up. "I owe you one."

When she didn't get an answer, she turned to see Crel sprawled across the dusty surface. She rushed over to him and knelt at his side.

"Crel?" As she said his name, she noticed that an ID card had slipped halfway out of an until-now-concealed jacket pocket. She pulled it the rest of the way out and turned it over.

It was an Auditor-General's badge.

Finally the circumstances started to fall into place, forming a twisted plot of sabotage and treason—and now attempted assassination. Naven Crel had gone undercover to ferret out a traitor against the CSA, and his investigation had lead him to Commex, which was in turn controlled by... the Prex, the second most powerful man in the Corporate Sector.

"Crel?" she said, shaking his shoulder.

His eyes opened—barely—and scanned her features as if trying to recognize her. "You were right," he said after a moment. "I was in over my head." As he spoke, his words grew quieter. "Just do me one favor..."

"Anything."

He swallowed with obvious difficulty. "Get... Meplin."

Fiolla watched as Crel exhaled his last breath, and then she put a hand on his chest. She glanced across the surface at Somerce's lifeless body. "Don't worry, my friend. Meplin's days of selling the CSA out to the Empire are over. I stake my life on it." ☹

George Strayton is a writer/editor/game designer of many popular media titles, including *STAR WARS*, *Indiana Jones*, *Men in Black*, *Hercules: The Legendary Journeys* and *Xena: Warrior Princess*.



# MAZAMODA

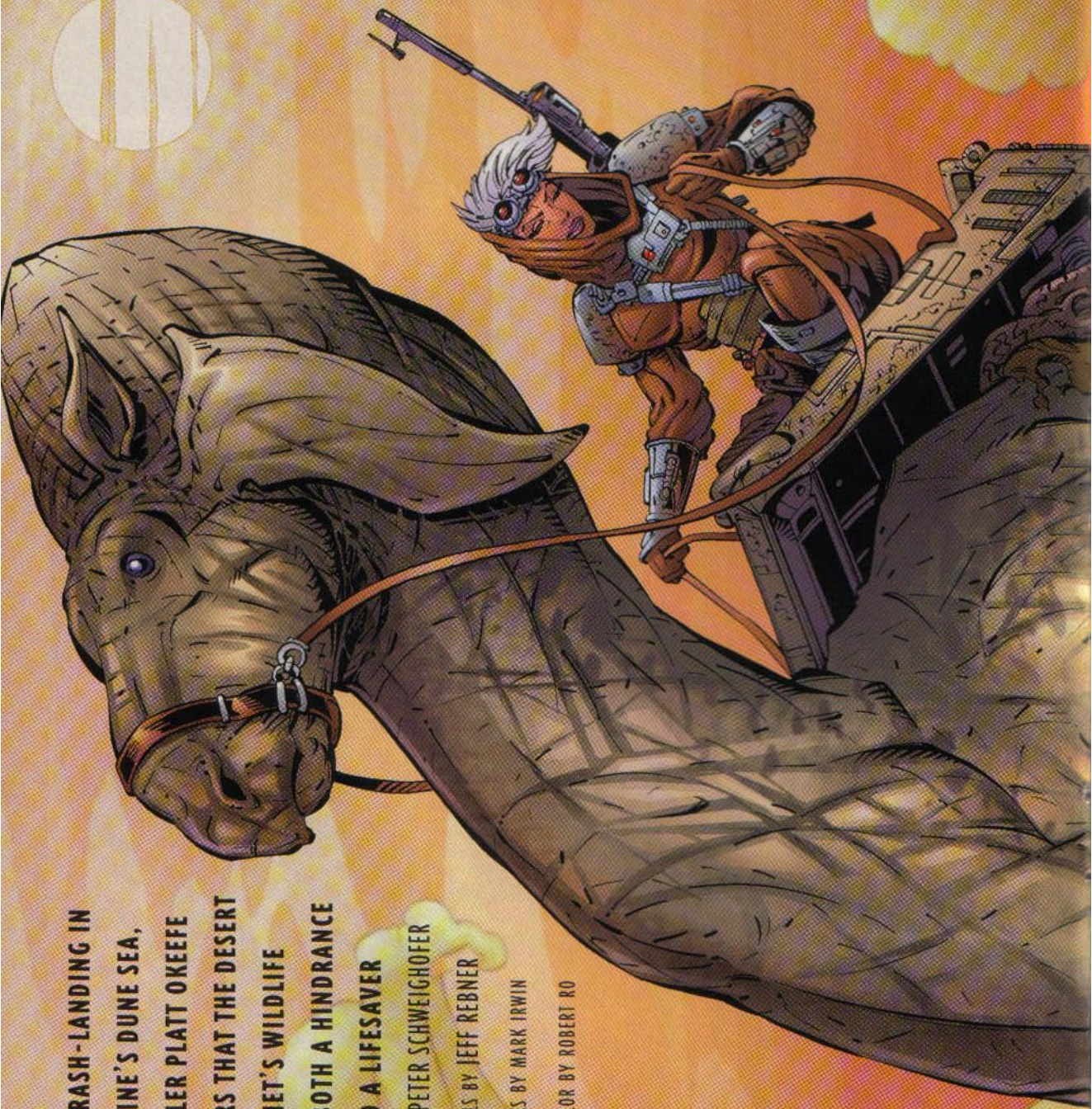
**AFTER CRASH-LANDING IN  
TATOOINE'S DUNE SEA,  
SMUGGLER PLATT OKEEFE  
DISCOVERS THAT THE DESERT  
PLANET'S WILDLIFE  
CAN BE BOTH A HINDRANCE  
AND A LIFESAVER**

STORY BY PETER SCHWEIGHOFER

PENCILS BY JEFF REBNER

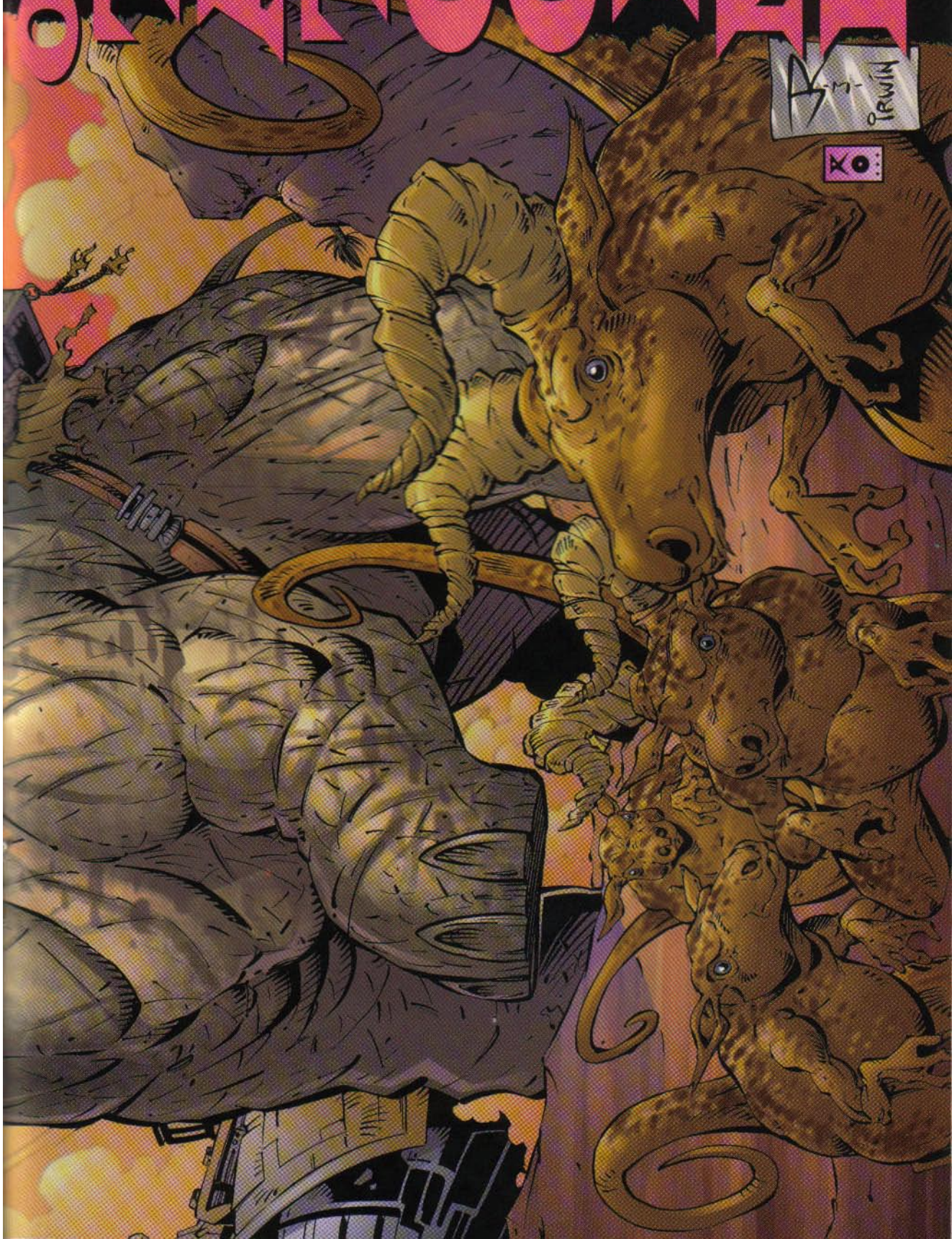
INKS BY MARK IRWIN

COLOR BY ROBERT RO





# OH HOOH OH





**“Great . . . . .** Just fantastic.” Platt curses sourly. She raps her fingers on her freighter’s smoldering control console. “There’s nothing like trying to blast out of Mos Eisley, then your ship decides it’s ready for the junkyard.” She looks through the cockpit viewport. Sand. Not dunes, just sand, piling higher every minute. Platt had ditched her ship, *Pok’s Demise*, in a Dune Sea gravel storm.

Platt reviews her escape, trying to figure out what has gone wrong. She’d been having a few with Sovar, her “cargo solicitor.” The cantina visit was a sort of payment for the crummy cargo he’d traded with her. Then the bounty hunters showed up. Platt dashed back to Docking Bay 86, ran on board *Pok’s Demise*, sealed the personnel and cargo hatches and punched it. She was out even before the bounty hunters could get off a shot.

Of course, in those rushed takeoffs, there wasn’t really time to run a full diagnostic check on the ship’s systems. Platt found that out two minutes later, when her maneuverability jets cut out. Then her ion drives. Then the main generator. No doubt her shield generators were a mound of slag right now. The nearest uncontrolled landing area was a few kilometers below: the Dune Sea. Platt did her best to angle the ship for a smooth crash. At least she didn’t feel too banged up.

Platt looks out the viewport. The sand completely covers it. “Well, if I have to wait out the storm, I might as well check out what’s left of my ship,” she sighs. There isn’t much. The ventral gun mount was torn off during the crash. The underbelly sensors are gone. Sand has filled the forward maintenance crawlways. The cabins are a mess. Bee-Zerobee hasn’t been secured; his remains are scattered all over the main corridor. So much for the droid. He had suffered enough.

Platt expects to find her cargo bay smeared with glaze cakes, the almost worthless cargo Sovar has stuck her with. Flashing the glow rod over the bulkhead, she can’t find even the smallest morsel of glaze. The containers are still secured in their webbing, but something has gnawed the top web straps away. The crate lids have been unlatched and tossed off. Platt looks inside one and sniffs around. She smells glaze cake and something else... something animal.

Platt hears scratching noises in a maintenance duct beneath the deck plates. Pipes clatter in the aft engineering station. Somebody is crawling around in there. Platt has run into sneaky shipjackers or stowaways before, but none could ever eat all those glaze cakes and manage to smell as bad as the crates do now.

She cautiously approaches the hatch to the aft engineering station. Platt takes the glow rod with her other hand and draws her blaster. With a swift

## Who Is Platt Okeefe?

*Some background on this well-established STAR WARS Roleplaying Game character*

The massive commerce world of Brentaal has seen its share of space-faring heroes. Platt Okeefe is only the latest of many to leave the confines of her Core Worlds system and seek her fortune in the greater galaxy.

When she was 12, Platt ran away from home and signed on as a cabin steward aboard a Sullustan starliner. She later joined a tramp freighter crew plying the Anarid Cluster, and acquired a taste for fast ships, slick deals and living on the edge of the law.

In her early misadventures, Platt joined the infamous, Hutt-controlled Klatooinan Trade Guild, defaulted on payments for her first light freighter and was sold into slavery. Platt managed to escape her masters with the help of a fellow slave, a Twi’lek currently known as Tru’eb the gunrunner. The two became fast friends. Tru’eb helped secure funding for Platt’s new ship—the ill-fated *Pok’s Demise*—while in return Platt shared what she had learned about smuggling.

These days Platt runs illegal cargo to countless Outer Rim worlds. She’s distinguished by her platinum blonde hair, classy spacer outfits and a pleasant smile that reflects her easygoing nature. She’s a friend to fellow smugglers and a dangerous adversary to the bounty hunters and Imperial forces who seek to discontinue her “business” endeavors.

— P. S.

kick, her foot connects with the hatch’s controls. The metal door whines as it slowly opens. Platt flashes the glow rod and peers inside. Two large thumper feet pummel her to the deck. Several creatures with snouts pound over Platt. Some have nastily pointed horns. They skitter over her and off into some other part of the ship.

Platt pulls herself off the deck, cursing. *Pok’s Demise* has scurriers, vermin from Mos Eisley. She shines the glow rod into the engineering bay. Bits of machinery and starship parts are everywhere. The ion coil exchangers have been pulled into lots of little pieces. And two power coupling sheaths are gnawed straight through. The creatures have picked and pulled apart important components of almost every system.

Platt must have picked up the scurriers when Sovar came by to take her for that drink at the cantina: She had left her freighter’s cargo hatch open. “Well, there’s not much I can do about it now,” Platt says to nobody in particular. “The best I can do is sell this old heap to the Jawas for scrap.”

## WHAT'S ROLEPLAYING?

Roleplaying is a form of the kids game “Let’s Pretend,” with slightly more sophisticated rules. Each person playing the game can take the part of his or her own *STAR WARS* hero (called a “character”): a Rebel pilot, a smuggler, a bounty hunter—even a Jedi Knight. One player is called a “gamemaster,” who acts as a storyteller. The gamemaster describes the scenes of the story to the players, who in turn decide what their characters are going to do. The players’ choices affect how the story unfolds. For details, read the *STAR WARS Roleplaying Game* sourcebooks from West End Games.





**From** deep within her ship, Platt figures the gravel storm has abated. The incessant hum outside has stopped. She presses the controls for the top-side hatch and stands back. It unlocks with a clank and groans open. An avalanche of sand pours in. When it stops (and Platt is relieved when it eventually does), she grabs a backpack of her personal and survival gear and pulls herself up through the hatch.

Tatooine's twin suns are just peeking above the horizon. From what Platt can see, her entire freighter is buried. With the transponder scrapped, nobody is going to find the starship in this wasteland. It will probably take the Jawas a few weeks before one of their sandcrawlers rumbles by this area. Platt knows she has to hike out of here on her own. But which way leads to the nearest settlement?

Platt jumps back in surprise as five scurriers pop out of the open hatch and race off into the desert. The pesky scavengers must be seeking out the nearest food source—garbage. Trash means there must be some kind of civilization around here. Platt kneels down and digs through her pack for the macrobinoculars. She climbs the nearest dune and focuses the macros, trying to track the scurriers.

There they are, already about a kilometer out, if her macrobinoculars' range readouts are correct. The numbers suddenly read four meters as a massive blur rises in her macros' viewscreen. A gigantic head and long neck burst out of the sand. Platt drops the macrobinoculars and stumbles backward in fear. She doesn't care if it's a sandworm, krayt dragon or worse. Platt just scrambles to clear her blaster of its holster. She's about to whirl and shoot whatever it is, when a warm snout playfully nuzzles her hair.

Platt looks up to see a ronto with an innocent smile on its snout. Its sand-flaps dangle from the back of its head. The beast coos as it rubs her hair again. "Hey, stop it," says Platt, gently pushing the ronto away. She gets up and dusts herself off. Platt notices a set of reins dangling from the animal's snout and a squarish saddle strapped to its back. She reaches up to scratch the ronto's neck. It bends down and licks her face. "Hey there, big fellah. Where's your rider? Poor creature, you must have been stuck out here during the gravel storm. I guess those sand-flaps helped protect you. Sometimes I wish I could curl up and wait out a sandstorm." The ronto just affectionately rubs its snout against Platt's hair.

Platt slings her backpack over one shoulder and approaches the ronto's saddle. There are no ropes or harnesses to climb. Turning its long neck to stare at her, the ronto knowingly kneels down on the sand. Platt grabs the saddle, steps onto the ronto's bent leg and swings herself up.

Settling into the awkward saddle, she pats the creature's neck. "Good fellah. Now, can you take me home?" The ronto looks back at her quizzically. "You know, *home*," says Platt insistently. "Food, water, civilization? Hello..." she says, patting its head. "Is there anything clicking in that tiny brain of yours? Look, fellah, if I don't find civilization, I can't hop a transport back to Mos Eisley. If

I make it that far, I have to find a new starship with bounty hunters all over my tail. But I'm not going *anywhere* unless you start walking. Get it?"

The ronto cranes its neck back and nuzzles her hair once more. "Look, you can mess up my hair as much as you want when we reach a settlement, okay?" Platt isn't sure if the creature understands. Maybe it does, maybe it doesn't. Maybe it just feels like moving on. Anyway, the beast abruptly stands up and begins stomping off over the sand, following the same path the scurriers had moments before. Platt sighs. She pats the ronto's neck. "Good fellah." ☹

*Peter Schweighofer is a STAR WARS editor and writer for West End Games. This is his first contribution to SWGM.*

## SCURRIER

**TYPE:** Scavenger

**DEXTERITY** 3D - Running 4D. **PERCEPTION** 2D+2 - Sneak 3D+2. **STRENGTH** 2D+1 - Climbing/jumping 3D+2.

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:** BITE: Does STR damage. HORNS (males only): Do STR+1D damage. **MANIPULATION:** Scurriers' forepaws can manipulate small objects and pick apart machinery as if they had a repair skill of 4D.

**MOVE:** 15

**SIZE:** Up to 1.2 meters long

## RONTO

**TYPE:** Beast of burden

**DEXTERITY** 2D - Running 3D. **PERCEPTION** 3D. **STRENGTH** 5D - Stamina 6D.

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:** HEAT ENDURANCE: Rontos are extremely adaptable to desert conditions, though they still need water to survive. **SENSE OF SMELL:** Rontos have a keen sense of smell. They add +1D to any PERCEPTION roll involving smell. **SKITTISH:** Rontos are easily upset by any machines that move significantly faster than they. Add +3D to their ORNERINESS when around fast-moving vehicles.

**MOVE:** 10

**SIZE:** 4.25 meters tall

**ORNERINESS:** 1D

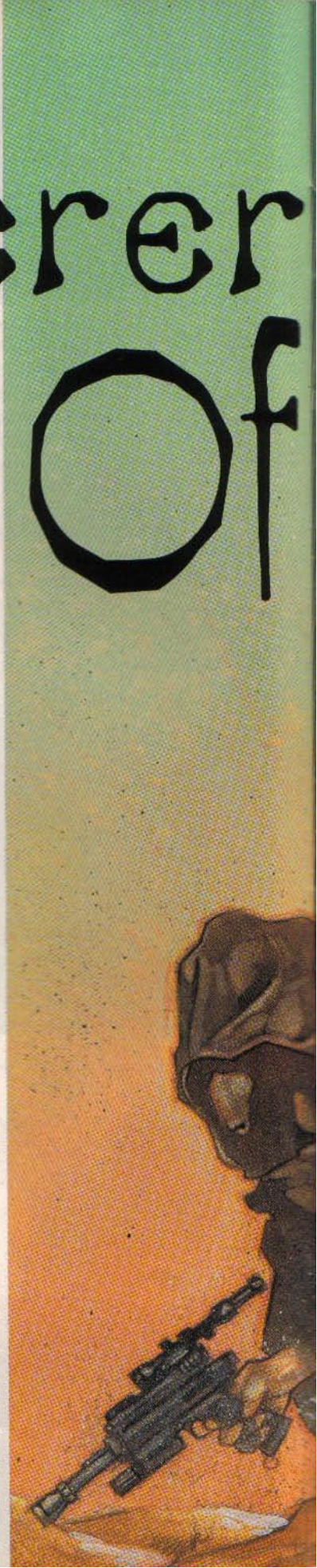


# Wanderer Of

MEET DAUSHOROC,  
AN INTERGALACTIC TRADER  
IN THE *STAR WARS* UNIVERSE

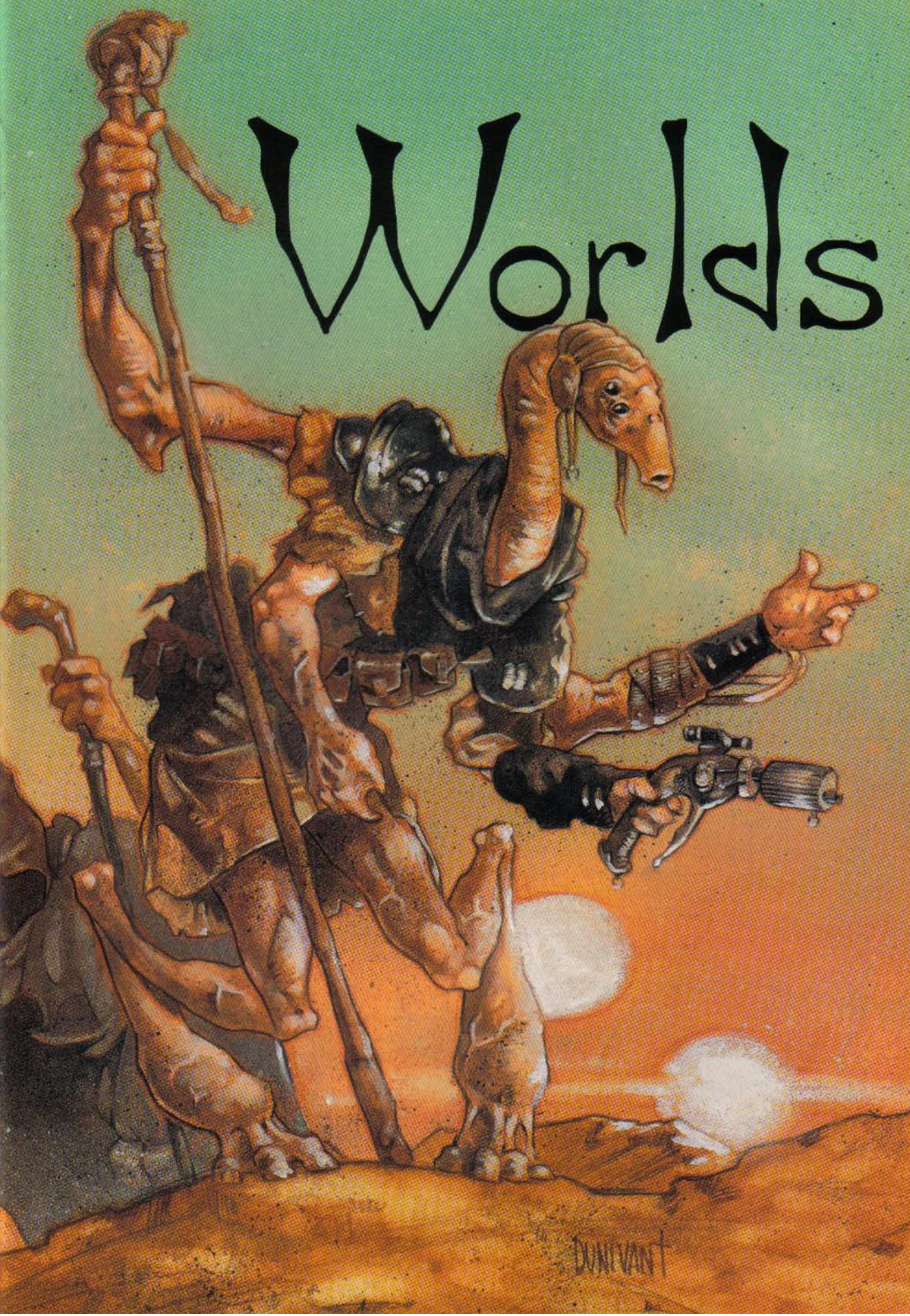
STORY AND ART CREATED BY JOHN DUNIVANT  
ADAPTED FOR ROLEPLAYING GAMES BY BILL SMITH

THIS WORLD FEELS SO DEAD. Blistered by twin suns, hostile... desolate. I've seen many planets, but none so unforgiving as this one. I wonder how anything can survive here. \* I wander the stars without a world to call home. My name is Daushoroc; my partner and good friend is Tamoss. We are traders of gems, artifacts and curiosities. I scour the worlds of the Outer Rim looking for items that may pique the interests of wealthy nobles and corporate leaders. They have a taste for such goods, and I am more than happy to relieve them of their wealth. \* This is my first expedition to Tatooine. There seems to be very little on this world of sand. Those who come here often serve the gangster Jabba. I steer clear of him and his minions. No good has ever come of dealing with the Hutt. Tamoss and I have other reasons for being here.





# Worlds



DUNN VINT





It began with a legend. Forty years ago the courier ship *Athallian Messenger* crashed somewhere in the wastes. The sand storms soon devoured the ship. Many treasure hunters have since searched for the wreck and its cargo of ancient gemstones. A few returned empty-handed, but most disappeared, no doubt killed by Tusken Raiders or buried by ravenous sand storms. Even the skittish Jawas refuse to search for the *Messenger*, but they were willing to part with a map and some vague clues in exchange for a few crates of power converters and tools. Tamoss and I are brave enough to search for the gems and foolish enough to discount the dangers.

We are nearing the canyons the Jawas warned me about. I can already sense them in the air. The Sand People must be closing in, hiding in the shadows of the coming night. I'm sure they have been aware of our presence for some time. Only now are they willing to force a confrontation. We must be nearing their camps and water sites. We must be cautious.

I tell Tamoss that, if need be, we should be able to outrun them! Tamoss laughs at that suggestion. We've strapped cooling tarps and water packs to our dewback. Without them, this harsh climate would kill us within a day. We have no choice but to make a peace with the Sand People.

Sadly, my people are slaves of the Empire.

We were easy targets back then. We asked only to be left alone. We were farmers and traders, scientists and students, artists and artisans. Warfare was unknown. We were weak.

Conquered, rounded up and dispersed throughout the galaxy, we were forced to be serve Imperial nobles and labor in research facilities and prison camps. Most of us did not know the meaning of the word "resist" until much later.

Tamoss and I have resisted in our own way. We liberated ourselves from the slaving pens, and now use our trading profits to purchase the freedom of our people. We deliver our liberated brothers and sisters to a safe world far from the prying eyes of the Empire. It is a slow and dangerous process, but little by little we are succeeding.

The silence of the desert twilight, and my reverie, is broken by a high-pitched wail. Tamoss and I see movement from all sides, and instinctively we prepare to flee. Our hind legs pulse with energy, eager to rear up and launch us into the air. Our mid-legs tremble, ready to pull at the sand and send us running!

## WHAT'S ROLEPLAYING?

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We should profit handsomely if we are successful. Thirty or forty thousand credits could be ours. That money would buy many luxuries, but Tamoss and I have a better use: Our credits will purchase the freedom of some of our fellow Eirraucs.



It is difficult to contain these primitive drives, but we stand our ground and hold our heads high. We cannot show weakness or fear now.

Half a dozen humanoid figures approach. Their faces are obscured by crude breath masks, but their intent is easily understood. They snarl in their crude language, brandishing gaffi sticks above their heads. Tamoss and I keep our handmade blasters at the ready.

Their charge is halted by a single howl. Another Raider arrives; he is small and frail, yet easily pushes past the aggressors. He must be an elder. It is time to make peace: I offer him packets of water and a Tusken battle talisman. He slowly approaches, lowering his gaffi stick. The others begin to hiss and scream, poised to attack. They must think we have more water. I try not to guess what they might do next.

The elder Raider silences the others with a cry, and turns back to me. He claims the water packs and the totem, silently staring at me. He has accepted my presence—for now. Tamoss goes to the dewback to retrieve the small water vaporator. Once assembled, the device is barely two meters tall, yet it could collect enough water to sustain this entire group.

Now it's time to test this truce. I pull out my datapad and show him an image of the ship I am looking for. The elder slowly points toward the distant mountains. He uses his gaffi stick to sketch in the sand, drawing a profile of the distant mountains and making a pair of circles—the twin suns. He traces an arc from the suns over the mountains, and repeats the arc twice more. He turns his back to me, silent. Facing me, he draws a fourth arc, then howls and menacingly raises his gaffi stick. The others follow suit, but stop when he lowers his weapon.

Three days to find the wreck and return through this canyon; that will be time enough. Tamoss and I soothe our nervous dewback while the Raiders blend back into the shadows of the canyon. Now, the only sign of their presence is a few marks in the sand.

It's then that I realize how much my people share with these desert scavengers. We only want to be left alone. We will fade back into the shadows if we can, but will fight if we must. We only wish to survive. And somehow we will. ☺

\*\*\*\*\*  
*EDITOR'S NOTE: Artist John Dunivant came to our attention when he entered the "Design An Alien Contest," announced in SWGM #3. A fledgling professional in the science fiction and fantasy field, he agreed to withhold his entry from the competition and work with West End Games' STAR WARS editor Bill Smith to adapt his alien and its backstory for role-playing games. We admire not only Dunivant's creative flair, but also his—and Smith's—cooperative spirit.*

## DAUSHOROC

**DEXTERITY** 3D+2 -dodge 4D+2, running 7D, **KNOWLEDGE** 2D+2 - alien species 3D+2, cultures 3D+2, languages 5D+2, planetary systems 6D+2, scholar: artifacts 8D+2, survival 4D+2, **MECHANICAL** 2D+2 - astroga-tion 3D+2, space transports 3D+2, **PERCEPTION** 4D - bargain 7D, search 5D, sneak 5D, **Strength** 2D+2, **TECHNICAL** 2D+1 - first aid 3D+1.

**MOVE:** 24. **CHARACTER POINTS:** 4.

**EQUIPMENT:** Blaster pistol (4D), walking staff (STR+1D), medpac, data-pad (containing maps and datafiles), cooling tarp, blast vest (+1D physical, +2 energy).

**ROLEPLAYING HINTS:** Daushoroc and Tamoss can be great sources of information, and they'll be sympathetic to anyone opposed to the Empire. They may need to hire on characters for a particularly dangerous expedition, offering good pay and the chance to search for a "lost legend." They may seek lost gems, alien artwork, historical records, lightsabers and Jedi artifacts.

## THE EIRRAUCS

The peaceful natives of Eirraus are remarkable for their immense hind legs and have a graceful "leaping run" which can propel them to speeds over 80 kilometers per hour. They have two arms; the middle pair of "mid-legs" are used as arms and forward legs while running.

Eirraucs have a pair of eyes on either side of their long snouts, giving them a wide arc of vision. They gather food with long, well-muscled tongues, which have two small hollows sheathing retracted teeth. When the tongue is extended, the teeth are released to slice and "skewer" food; their diet consists of grasses, grains and carrion. A bony plate at the back of the tongue is used to grind food against the roof of the mouth.

The planet Eirraus is exceptionally mild; off-world, Eirraucs have difficulty adapting to extremes in temperature. Their light skin is very sensitive to intense sunlight.

Responsibility to the group is a common Eirrauc trait. They are hard workers and shrewd thinkers, with a great fondness for the arts, particularly drama and music. Eirraucs tend to shun modern technologies, believing that they are dangerous and uncontrolled; they strive to maintain a balance between technology and "the natural order of things."

Under the Old Republic, the Eirraucs maintained a peaceful society of migrating communities. They practiced a form of direct democracy; there were no leaders and each issue was voted upon by all community members. Those who disagreed with an outcome were free to move on to another group.

Unfortunately, the Eirraucs found themselves ill-equipped to deal with the ruthlessness of the Empire. They were easily defeated and enslaved. Only after years of abuses have the Eirraucs learned to retaliate. Many have escaped slavery, and now fight to destroy the Empire. Some have taken up arms and joined the Rebel Alliance, while others—such as Daushoroc—work behind-the-scenes to accomplish their goals.

**AVERAGE EIRRAUC:** **DEXTERITY** 2D, **KNOWLEDGE** 2D, **MECHANICAL** 2D, **PERCEPTION** 2D, **STRENGTH** 2D+1, **TECHNICAL** 1D+2. **MOVE:** 24.

**THE EIRRAUCS:** Attribute Dice: 12D, **DEXTERITY** 2D/4D+1, **KNOWLEDGE** 1D+2/4D, **MECHANICAL** 2D/4D, **PERCEPTION** 2D/4D, **STRENGTH** 2D+1/4D+1, **TECHNICAL** 1D+1/4D

**SPECIAL ABILITIES — RUNNING:** Eirraucs use four of their six limbs when running. They only need to make stamina checks once every hour when running at all-out speed, and get a bonus of +1D to their running skill.

**MULTI-ACTIONS:** Eirraucs can use their mid-legs as a second set of arms when they're not running; they may take a second action in a round at no penalty. Third actions incur a -1D penalty, fourth actions suffer -2D and so forth. **VISION:** Eirraucs can see in any direction except immediately behind them (300° arc). **TEMPERATURE SENSITIVITY:** In extremely cold or hot conditions, increase all Strength and Dexterity skill checks by one difficulty level. **TONGUE:** STR+1 damage. **MOVE:** 24/80. **SIZE:** 2 meters tall (crouching), 2.4 meters tall (full height).



# THE EMPEROR

After his confrontation with Luke Skywalker in Cloud City, Darth Vader travels to his master's remote stronghold to deliver a special prize to the Emperor. Follow the Dark Lord of the Sith in this original *STAR WARS* roleplaying adventure from West End Games.

STORY BY  
PETER SCHWEIGHOFER

ILLUSTRATION BY  
VINCE LOCKE





# ROR'S TROPHY

**Darth Vader calms himself.** The Imperial shuttle slows for the approach to the Emperor's fortress at Mount Tantiss. The Dark Lord does not fear the impending audience with his master. He knows that failure never casts a favorable light on anyone. Vader himself has ruthlessly punished the failings of his subordinates. But the Emperor is more concerned with news of Luke Skywalker, not with berating his minions. No, Vader is not afraid to account for his actions. He fears what it is that he's delivering to Palpatine.

It has only been a few days since the young Jedi escaped his carefully planned trap in Cloud City. Vader knows the Emperor is aware of his inability to seduce Skywalker to the dark side. His master seems to be satisfied knowing Vader has taught the impatient Jedi a lesson in anger and fear. The Dark Lord has been summoned to Wayland—far from the prying eyes of the Core Worlds—to present the trophy of his battle with young Skywalker.

The shuttle wings fold upward as the vessel eases into a docking bay carved in the mountain. The transport box next to Vader is not large, yet he can already feel its weight. His master waits to take possession of what is inside. The shadows behind Vader stir, betraying the two Noghri hiding there. Kohvrekhar and his clan-brother Ghazhak had located the trophy and helped Vader recover it. While the Dark Lord rushed back to his Super Star Destroyer to await the young Jedi's capture, the Noghri combed the depths of Cloud City for what had once belonged to Skywalker. After Luke evaded Imperial forces with the help of his friends, Vader returned to Bespin to personally retrieve the Emperor's prize. His Noghri honor guard discovered it with a horde of Ugnaughts in one of the mining facility's deeper smelting cores. The crude beasts were going to discard the flesh and melt the shaft of metal into scrap. Vader had "discouraged" them from doing so and took possession of the items himself. The Emperor commanded him to bring them immediately to the Mount Tantiss stronghold on Wayland. To return these items to the Emperor will be a display of loyalty. His master seems to regard them as his own possessions which had long ago been stolen.

The boarding ramp is lowered with a hiss, and Darth Vader strides down. The

transport box is neatly cradled in one arm. To anyone else the case would be light, but to Vader it is weighted down with fear, memory and regret.

Although he does not see them, Vader knows his Noghri honor guard are nearby. They have slipped through the shuttle's venting steam, then merged with the docking bay shadows. Several staff members had been waiting for the shuttle's arrival. They had showered him with pleasantries and respectful words tinged with fear. The paltry reception party of low-ranking officers does not concern him—Vader walks past them, ignoring the leader's message that the Emperor wishes to see him immediately. He marches into the waiting turbolift, his Noghri escort fading into the darkness behind him.

The box grows heavier as the turbolift

risers toward the Emperor's throne room complex. No honor guard can protect him from the feelings the box's contents stir within him.

The turbolift door slides open, revealing a vast holographic display of the galaxy. The Dark Lord pauses to gaze at the map. For a moment he wonders where Skywalker is now hiding in that swirling mass of star systems.

Vader steps out along the walkway and approaches his master. Guards attend to matters at two platform control consoles flanking a stairway. The steps lead up to the throne from the wide balcony, offering the Emperor a grand vista of his holographic domain.

The Emperor's voice is a weak sneer cackling across the room. "Leave your servants behind, Lord Vader. This business does not concern them." Two Royal Guards hover menacingly on each side of the Emperor's throne. For a split second, the Dark Lord secretly wonders if they would be any match for his alien escorts. Just as quickly, he brushes the thought from his mind—he could never betray his master. Vader raises a hand, and the Noghri retreat, leaving their liege alone with the Emperor.

Vader ascends the stairs, then kneels before his master.

"Rise, my friend," the Emperor croaks. "Tell me of your contest with young Skywalker."

Vader explains his intricate plan to lure Skywalker to Cloud City by tormenting his friends. It had not been a successful encounter for either of them. Finally, with the help of his Rebel companions, Skywalker had managed to escape. Still, Luke had suffered a great defeat—the loss of his right hand.

"I have already reviewed Admiral Piett's report of your activities on Bespin," the Emperor says. "It is unfortunate you did not snare the young Jedi. His powers have grown, indeed. Perhaps he might





someday match your abilities, my friend. Still, you managed to wound him and infect him with fear. This can only be to our advantage during your next confrontation."

The Emperor watches Vader for a moment, his eyes lingering on the box. His whispering voice sounds distant, almost dreamy with anticipation. "I see you have brought me what Skywalker lost..."

Vader hands the box to a Royal Guard, who passes it to the Emperor's waiting grasp. Palpatine opens it, revealing a hand and a Jedi's lightsaber. The lightsaber is the blue-bladed weapon Luke had wielded in his confrontation with Vader on Bespin. The hand is Luke's, the one Vader had severed in anger after Skywalker's lightsaber had cleaved into his own shoulder.

The items, while welcomed by the Emperor, are far more significant to Vader. For the weapon had once belonged to another Jedi, Skywalker's father. And the hand... was it of the same flesh and blood that once ran through the father's veins? Was Anakin Skywalker truly dead?

Vader senses a familiar twinge as he looks at the weapon

again. The sight of the hand, too, elicits an eerie recognition. Vader almost feels as if he is surrendering his own hand. Electricity twitches within the Dark Lord's right gauntlet. He suppresses an urge to flex it. Instead, he masks his emotions and does not make any gesture that might reveal his true feelings.

The contents of the box may have once been part of him. Now they are the Emperor's.

"These will have a place of honor in my personal collection," the Emperor muses, entranced by the intricacies of the dead flesh and the well-worn lightsaber.

"The young Jedi is weak and beaten," Vader replies, trying to turn the conversation. "He will be vulnerable to attack."

"Yes, I sense that you wish to continue your hunt for Skywalker. But do not worry about him for now. I have foreseen his fate... the time is not yet come for him to join us. For now, you are to return to Imperial Center. We have other concerns to attend to..."

Vader takes the Emperor's cue, and subdues his feelings by thinking of his impending duties and schemes. In addition to overseeing the Emperor's new construction project, Vader has pressing matters to take up with a powerful—and potentially dan-

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gerous—  
Fallen prince

named Xizor. There will be plenty of time later to deal with Luke Skywalker. ☺

Peter Schweighofer is a *STAR WARS* editor and writer for West End Games, publishers of The *STAR WARS* Roleplaying Game Sourcebook and related titles. This is his second contribution to SWGM.

### DARTH VADER

TYPE: DARK LORD OF THE SITH

**DEXTERITY** 3D - Blaster 5D, blaster artillery 4D+1, brawling parry 7D, dodge 7D, lightsaber 11D+2, melee combat 7D, melee parry 9D, vehicle blasters 6D. **KNOWLEDGE** 3D+2 - Alien species 7D+1, bureaucracy 9D+1, cultures 7D, intimidation 10+2, languages 6D+1, planetary systems 8D, streetwise 7D, survival 6D, value 6D, willpower 8D+1. **MECHANICAL** 4D - Astrogation 7D+1, capital ship gunnery 8D, capital ship piloting 8D, capital ship shields 5D, repulsorlift operation 5D+2, starfighter piloting 10D, starship gunnery 8D, starship shields 5D. **PERCEPTION** 3D+1 - Bargain 4D, command

11D+1, con 4D, gambling 4D+1, hide 5D+2, persuasion 8D+1, search 8D, sneak 5D+2. **STRENGTH** 3D - Brawling 9D, climbing/jumping 7D+1, lifting 8D+1, stamina 8D+1. **TECHNICAL** 3D - Armor repair 6D+1, capital ship repair 5D, lightsaber repair 7D+2, security 6D+2, starfighter repair 5D.

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:** Force Skills; Control 11D+1, sense 12D+1, alter 11D. Vader's Force powers are too numerous to list here.

This character is Force-sensitive.

**FORCE POINTS:** 21

**DARK SIDE POINTS:** 28

**CHARACTER POINTS:** 40

**MOVE:** 10

**EQUIPMENT:** Body armor (+1D all attacks; respirator is necessary to keep Vader alive), lightsaber (5D).

For comparison, keep in mind that 2D is an average stat for a normal human. People with a professional level of training often have 4D in several skills. Someone who's the best on the planet has 8D in a certain skill. Scores close to 12D often reflect that the user is among the best in the galaxy.

For complete stats on Darth Vader after his mission to Cloud City, see *The Shadows of the Empire Sourcebook* from West End Games.



# THE BATTLE OF CADINTH

AN ORIGINAL *STAR WARS*  
ROLEPLAYING GAME ADVENTURE  
INCLUDING ALL-NEW CHARACTERS,  
DROIDS AND VEHICLES.  
ENJOY THE STORY ALL BY ITSELF,  
OR ADD IT TO YOUR OTHER  
ROLEPLAYING GAMES

BY BILL SMITH, EDITOR, WEST END GAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRIS MOELLER



Two years after the Rebel victory over the forest moon of Endor, the battle against the Empire continues. The Rebel Alliance, now known as the New Republic, struggles to bring freedom to the thousand-thousand worlds of the Known Galaxy. ■ A New Republic task force, returning from several victorious battles on the galactic frontier, has stopped on the starport world of Cadinth to replenish supplies. While the Republic fleet shuttles cargo to the massive orbiting battle cruisers, a lone Republic outpost guards the landing site's western flank against heavily armed, raiding pirates. However, the Republic soldiers are about to find something far more dangerous than a motley band of outlaws...







**The wind whipped across** the ruined landscape of Cadinth. Republic Lieutenant Brin Stiels pulled his tunic's collar tighter, more to suppress the chill that ran down his spine than to shut out the cold. This place reminded him of a battlefield—or a tomb. Ten hours of bone-chilling wind was enough to test anyone's patience, even the normally quiet Stiels. With less than an hour to go on his duty shift, Brin couldn't wait to crawl into the Rebel SRV-1 that had pulled up a few minutes ago. It might not be comfortable, but it would be warm. After a hot meal, all reminders of the wastelands of Cadinth would be out of his mind.

Below Brin, the next shift of Rebel soldiers milled about. They seemed as unhappy about watch duty as he was. Sure, someone had to guard against the pirates. "But why me?" he grumbled to himself.

As Brin's thoughts drifted to the sabacc jackpot he planned on winning that night, he caught sight of something coming up over a nearby rise. "Funny," he thought. "The sensors should have picked up anything that close." A quick scan through his macrobinoculars revealed nothing... but then a glint of metal flashed. Something was moving fast, whatever it was. Then he noticed that there were three somethings coming in fast.

Brin pulled up his comlink. "Republic Core Base, this is Observation Post W-16. I have an unidentified sighting. Requesting verification scan. It's probably pirates trying to penetrate the perimeter..."

Brin's communication was cut off as a blaster bolt smashed the gun turret beneath him. That first shot was enough to penetrate the turret's armor; secondary explosions from inside the turret rocked Brin's position. For a second he thought the tower might topple over. Whatever was firing, it packed a lot of power.

Diving for cover, Brin got his first clear look at the droids approaching his position. They looked far more modern than the pirate droids he had encountered three days ago. If he didn't know better, he'd say they might even be prototypes. But no one had the credits for that kind of hardware these days—except the Empire. As he

**OKAY, GAMERS, here are the**

## IMPERIAL AP-1-C ATTACK DROID

Dexterity 2D, blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D, Knowledge 2D, tactics 5D, Mechanical 2D, communications 3D, sensors 4D, Perception 1D, search 3D+2, Strength 4D, Technical 1D. Move: 10. Light repeating blaster (6D+1) with backpack power generator (limited to 25 shots), targeting/sensor array (+1D to blaster, dodge and search), broadcast data-link with other AP-style droids (limited to a range of 400 meters), life-form indicator (uses sensors skill with a range of up to 1 kilometer to detect life forms).

Imperial AP-1-C (Armored Platform, model 1, Command) Attack Droids are among the newest combat units created by Arakyd, makers of the infamous Imperial probot. They are deadly against lightly armed infantry troops, thanks to their repeating blaster, but they serve an essential command duty by coordinating the functions of the AP-2 and AP-3 models and by feeding targeting data through a remote computer link with the other units. Any New Republic units that find a way to interfere with the broadcast data-link will have a much higher chance of defeating these units in combat.



## IMPERIAL AP-2 ATTACK DROID

Dexterity 3D, blaster 5D, dodge 5D, missile weapons 3D+2, Knowledge 1D, Mechanical 1D, Perception 1D, search 3D+2, Strength 4D, Technical 1D, blaster repair 3D+2. Move: 14. Light repeating blasters (6D, ranges 0-50/300/600), 2 heavy blaster rifles (5D+2, ranges 0-50/100/200), blaster pistol (4D), 2 micro-grenade launchers (4D/3D/2D damage, 0-2/4/6 blast radius, ranges 0-10/20/50, 4 grenades each), broadcast data-link from AP-1-C droid (+1D to blaster, dodge and search, must be within 400 meters of AP-1-C), rapid-fire targeting programming (allows droid to



stats you'll need to plug this scenario into your roleplaying adventure...

## IMPERIAL AP-3 ATTACK DROID

Dexterity 1D, dodge 1D+2, missile weapons 6D, Knowledge 1D, Mechanical 1D, Perception 1D, search 3D+2, Strength 4D, Technical 1D, weapon repair 3D+2. Move: 7. Blaster rifle (5D), 6 assault rockets (7D, ranges 0-50/200/400), 4 micro-proton torpedoes (6D, affects everything in a 20-meter long, 4-meter wide corridor), broadcast data-link from AP-1-C droid (+1D to blaster, dodge and search, must be within 400 meters of AP-1-C), repulsorlift generator (Move: 25).

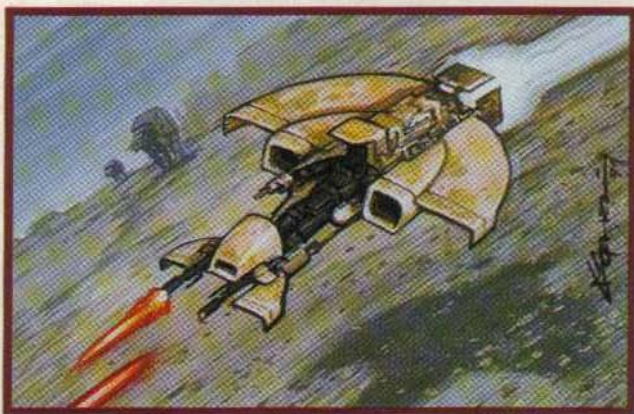


The Imperial AP-3 (Assault Platform-3) Attack Droid looks like an astromech droid equipped with missile racks. The AP-3 unit traditionally has a rear assault position

and uses its assault rockets and micro-proton torpedoes to blast vehicles and large numbers of enemy troops. While it is slow when moving on its wheeled legs, a repulsorlift drive unit at the base of its body allows it to move across the battlefield when summoned by AP-1-C Attack Droids.

fire twice in a round without penalty; third attack is at -1D to all attack rolls; fourth attack is at -2D to all attack rolls, etc.).

The AP-2 (Assault Platform-2) Attack Droid is the cornerstone of the Empire's new anti-infantry assault droid team. Equipped with rapid-fire light repeating blasters on a rotating "head turret" and independently rotating heavy blaster rifles, the AP-2 is capable of single-handedly taking on nearly a whole squad of Republic soldiers. A pair of micro-grenade launchers installed in the lower arms round out the AP-2's weaponry.



## IMPERIAL SNIPER AIRSPEEDER

Speeder, maneuverability 4D, move 210; 600 kmh, body strength 1D. Weapons: Twin light blaster cannon (fire-linked, fire control 1D, 50-100/250/500, damage 2D+2), twin medium blaster cannon (fire-linked, fire control 1D+2, 50-200/500/1 km, damage 3D+2), light concussion missile launcher (fire control 2D, 50-100/300/700, damage 4D+2).

The Sniper Airspeeder is a heavily armed cross between a swoop and an airspeeder. While fast and maneuverable, it can barely stand up to small arms fire, much less blasts from speeders and artillery emplacements. The almost disposable Sniper is all engine and weapons. Huge intake scoops emerge from the wing surfaces and feed the immense ion afterburner located directly behind the pilot. Steering vanes at the front of the Sniper are manipulated by the pilot's feet, while the thrust plates around the engine are controlled by the pilot's left hand. A computer link feeds the pilot a heads-up display on his helmet face plate. The pilot is strapped into a tight-fitting seat and restraint webbing, but the only protection comes from the pilot's flight suit, which has a computerized feedback and oxygen system to prevent pilots from passing out during high-G acrobatic maneuvers.

## NEW REPUBLIC DEFENDER STARFIGHTER

Starfighter, maneuverability 4D (space), 1D+2 (atmosphere), space 8, atmosphere 350; 1,000 kmh, hull 2D+2, shields 1D. Weapons: 3 laser cannons (fire-linked, fire control 2D, damage 6D).

The New Republic Defender fills the need for a system space and atmospheric defense starfighter. Before the Rebel Alliance defeated the Empire, its fighter design philosophy emphasized fast ships that could evade Imperial pursuit by jumping into hyperspace. With the New Republic now in control and the Empire playing the role of insurgent, New Republic-member worlds began screaming for a fighter to fend off Imperial raids.

The resulting Defender fighter is slow by modern standards (it's only two-thirds as fast as the A-wing or TIE interceptor), but it is far faster than the aging Republic Y-wings and Z-95 Headhunters that are usually relegated to planetary





defense. To save space and weight, the Defender lacks a hyperdrive. Its extendible S-foil maneuvering struts retract into the spaceframe for non-combat situations; once the enemy has been engaged, the struts swing down and forward, giving the Defender better positioning for maneuvering jet bursts. While sudden maneuvers in an atmosphere risk actually tearing off the struts (due to the G-forces, gravity of the planet itself and atmospheric drag), in space the Defender can literally spin around 180 degrees in mid-flight by firing one maneuvering jet forward and one backward.

## NEW REPUBLIC SRV-1 (SCOUT AND RETRIEVAL VEHICLE)

Speeder, maneuverability 0D, move 35; 100 kmh, body strength 3D+1. Weapons: 2 medium laser cannons (1 is front/left/back, 1 is front/right/back, fire control 1D+2, 50-200/500/1 km, damage 3D+2).

The SRV-1 is a tracked scouting and armored troop vehicle. While it's a recent addition to the New Republic's arsenal, the SRV-1 is sturdy and dependable instead of innovative. Its performance is comparable to older ground transports, but it is fairly cheap to build. It has a crew of two, with two additional gunners, and it can carry up to eight troops or a single piece of equipment weighing up to three metric tons.



The SRV/R-1 (Scout and Retrieval Vehicle/Repulsorlift) is the first variant on the standard ground vehicle. A standard repulsorlift generator has been added, giving the SRV/R-1 the ability to cross water and other difficult terrain. The trade-offs are numerous: the SRV/R-1 is significantly more expensive and can only carry two tons of equipment (although it can still handle up to eight soldiers). But the most damaging flaw is that the power generator is insufficient to power both the repulsorlift drive and the blaster cannon at the same time. Therefore, when confronted with a hostile situation, the SRV/R-1 must either stand and fight, or flee without the chance to return fire.

scrambled to his feet, Brin realized this would be no ordinary skirmish.

The Imperial war droids cleared the rise and opened fire on the Rebel SRV-1 idling nearby. While Republic infantry soldiers ran for cover, the pilots raced to their Defender fighters parked just beyond the gun turret. Before they could make it even halfway, though, a high-pitched whine filled the air. Brin caught a glimpse of several airspeeders in tight formation and closing in, yet he didn't recognize them. Later, Republic Intelligence would learn they were newly developed Imperial Sniper airspeeders.

Brin's warning screams were drowned out by the roar of the Snipers' ion afterburners. Concussion missiles vectored in on the Republic Defender fighters, but they barely missed their targets as the Republic pilots activated thrust and maneuvering jets just in time. Curling up into the air, the Defenders tried to get a target-lock on the new Imperial airspeeders and opened fire. The Snipers showed off their agility, easily dodging the awkward shots and firing a second round of missiles. That volley struck home as one of the Defenders exploded, showering the ground troops with hot metal fragments.

As the Imperial war droids advanced on the New Republic troops, Brin forced open the hatch on the back of the turret. Smoke billowed out, and he had to cover his mouth and nose to stifle the smell of burning circuitry. Crawling over the debris, Brin activated the comm panel.

"Republic Core Base, this is Observation Post W-16. Imperial droids and airspeeders are attacking our position. Enemy force strength unknown. Request immediate assistance! Over!"

Brin collapsed to the floor, coughing on the thick, acrid smoke. In the distance, Imperial AT-ATs began targeting the lone, smoldering New Republic gun turret...

Special thanks to Steven Sansweet for his assistance and enthusiasm, and to the *STAR WARS* creative team at Kenner for sharing some great concepts! Photos: courtesy Kenner.